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NEW WORLD NOTES.

*Kelso*  
*Printed by Rutherford & Craig*

# NEW WORLD NOTES:

BEING

An Account of Journeyings and Sojournings  
in America and Canada.

BY

JOHN CLAY, JUN.,

KERCHESTERS, KELSO.

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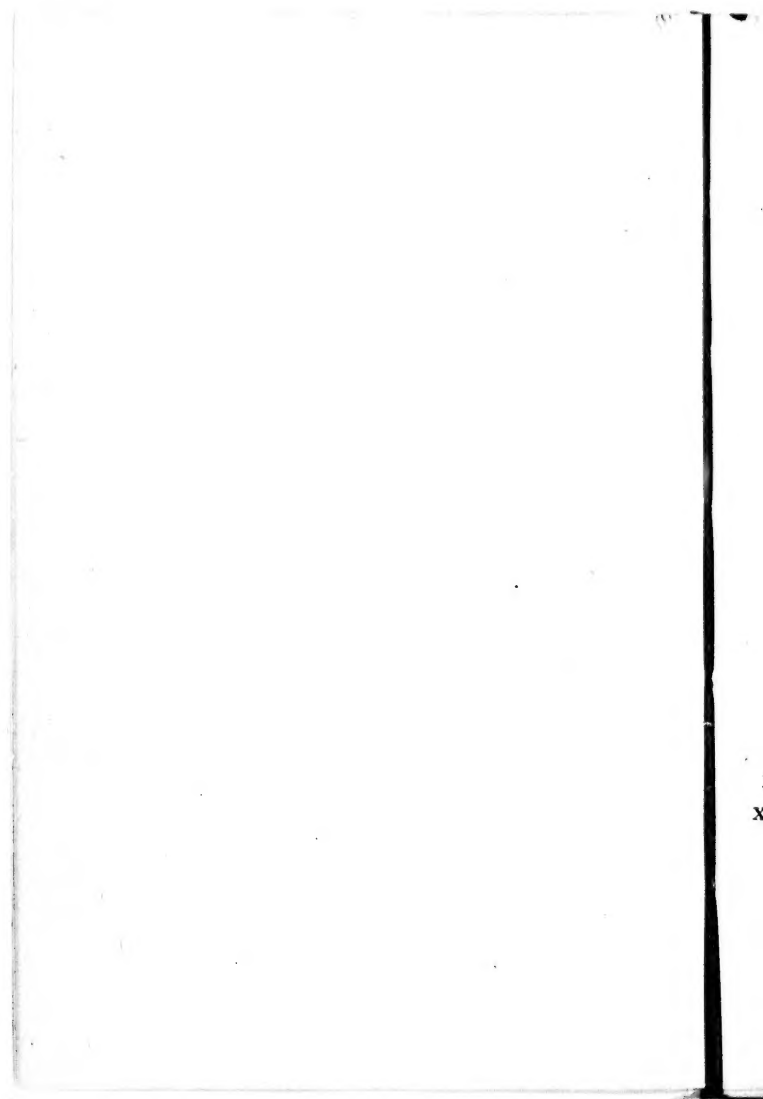
PREFATORY NOTE.

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**T**HE papers forming this volume appeared in print before being collected together in their present shape. The first thirteen of the series were published in the *North British Agriculturist*, a journal which exercises a wide and beneficial influence on Scottish agriculture; and the remainder first met the public eye in the columns of the *Kelso Chronicle*, a local newspaper of old and high standing. They were written at intervals of a somewhat busy life, and now appear with little alteration on their original form. Having been written amid the interferences of many other claims on the attention, and in "free and easy" phraseology, the author is conscious that they are open to criticism on the score of literary finish; but he trusts the general reader will find some things in these pages to awaken his interest, increase his knowledge, and stimulate thought.

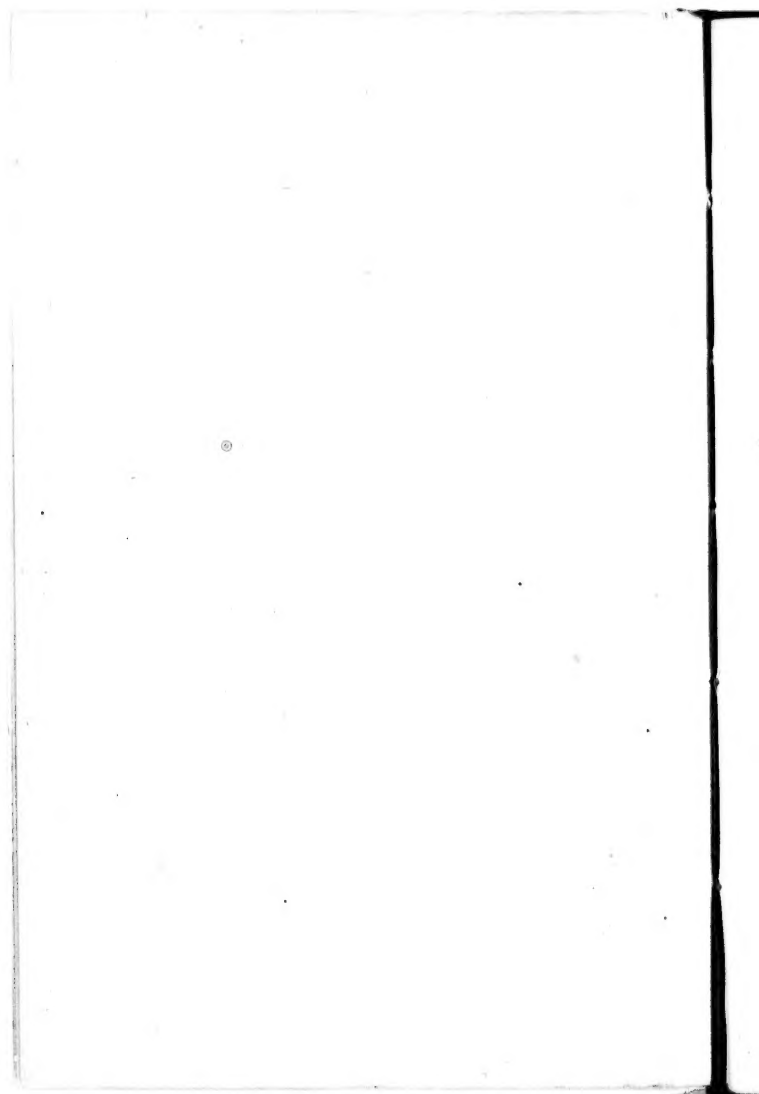
J. C.

KERCHESTERS, July, 1875.



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## NEW WORLD NOTES.

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### I.

#### Virginia.

**T**HE writer of this and some following articles visited America during the summer of 1874. He stayed over three months in the country, and during that time travelled over a considerable portion of the States and Canada. As a matter of course, it was but a cursory glance he obtained of that immense continent, of whose size some estimate may be made when it is kept in mind that the above State is nearly equal in extent to the United Kingdom. He went there with no intention of settling, but more through curiosity to see a country he had read and heard so much about, to see its people and their institutions; and in travelling through it, he made a few notes upon the land, agriculture, and inducements for emigration to that immense and, as yet, but partially-developed continent. Such notes he has much pleasure in placing before the public, in the hope that they may help to guide any who

at the present moment are turning their attention to that great country, or that they may afford some information to others who have no intention of leaving their native land. They are the simple observations of a farmer from the banks of the Tweed, and may be taken for what they are worth.

The State of Virginia was originally settled by Englishmen, and is one of the oldest and first constituted in the Union. It is bounded on the east by the Atlantic, and possesses many fine harbours and sheltered bays, formed by the rivers Potomac, Rappahannock, and James. Norfolk, perhaps the finest harbour in the world, is situated at the bottom of the estuary formed by the latter, and is rapidly becoming an important place through its shipping and railway interests. Between Virginia proper and West Virginia, the Alleghany Mountains run. They are, more correctly speaking, good-sized hills, never rising much over 4000 feet above the sea level, are richly wooded, and abound in iron and coal mines, both most important items as regards the welfare of a country. Taking a bird's-eye view, the State is in general flat, well-wooded, and beautifully watered with, in some cases, navigable rivers. It is intersected by various lines of railway, which will, no doubt, soon be increased. The roads are numerous, and perhaps of the worst description we ever came across. However, the inhabitants appear to get along with them, such as they are. The forests of Virginia are still large, and will turn out profitable. They consist largely of pine, oak, and hickory, which are increasing rapidly in value; and as most

part of the State is within easy reach of the seaboard, they cannot but prove a profitable investment. In our idea, it is not how much land is cleared, but how much is yet to clear of its virgin wood, that constitutes the value of a farm. The cleared parts of the land in Virginia are poor, and worked out through the culture of tobacco; while the forest land, over and above the value of the timber to cut, is virgin soil. As, for instance, on a farm which we rode over, there were 250 acres of impoverished cleared lands, and 150 acres of wood. The price paid for the whole place was £400 sterling, payable in three yearly instalments. The planter or proprietor had been in possession for three months, and had already contracted to deliver wood of more than the value of the whole estate. He had to cut and deliver the logs at a distance of three or four miles, which, no doubt, would incur considerable expense. Yet there stands the fact, that in a short time he expected to redeem the price of his estate from the woodlands alone, before the whole cash was due. Of course, such a bargain is not met with every day, and no doubt he was a shrewd, business man who made such a purchase.

Of the climate, we cannot speak so definitely as we would wish. The white man cannot both work and thrive during the heats of summer; and, at the same time, in any parts we visited, fever and ague were less known than in many of the Western States. The summers are undoubtedly very hot. The winters are not unlike our own at home. The negro appears to be the natural labourer. He can stand the hottest



sun—in fact, he luxuriates in it ; while the white man is forced into the shady verandah. Of the present state of agriculture little can be said but that it is in a most backward state. The soil is light, sandy, and easily worked. The implements used are most primitive, and at best they only scrape the land with the plough. Indian corn, the principal cereal, is planted in rows of a yard apart, and each particle of seed is dropped at a distance of a yard along the row. It is worked through the summer, not unlike our turnip break. Through the latter part of the summer the leaves are gathered off the stalk, and saved for fodder, on which the horses and cows are fed in winter time. In the fall, the corn cobs are plucked off and the stalks left standing. A small plot of tobacco is cultivated, while the garden is generally well looked after—water melons and grapes being the principal products. Round the house generally an orchard is found, with apple and peach trees at intermediate distances. Instead of cropping all their land each year, they only work from one third to a half each season. Thus, if a man has a plantation of 100 acres, he cultivates from 30 to 50 acres, leaving the remainder to go to waste with weeds and brush. It is natural to the soil to grow pine, and if cultivated land is left alone for ten years, it grows up into a pine forest. Such, then, is an example of the agriculture of the State. What stock they have is of a most miserable description, except in horses, which are light, active, wiry, and well adapted to the nature of the soil. They are suited to any kind of work, from ploughing

to following foxhounds, which is a great sport here in the fall.

The Virginian planter, as a rule, is a rough-looking, ill-dressed individual. Perhaps never did we see such a difference as between the ladies and gentlemen of this State. The former are perhaps the most beautiful and accomplished class we ever met to have been brought up in the circumstances. The latter, although there are some noble exceptions, are, as a class, boorish and ill-educated. Curiosity is a remarkable feature of their nature. The first afternoon we spent in Virginia was at a small town on the east side of the State, not far distant from the fruitful and rich bottom lands of the Rappahannock and Mataponi. It was a Saturday, and most of the neighbouring farmers had driven up in their waggons to buy provisions for the ensuing week. It is a custom in those parts among black and white to take a holiday on the last day of the week, no matter how busy or how important their work may be. This is an idle afternoon; ere long we were surrounded by a crowd of eager inquirers. What were our intentions? How much money had we? Were we going to buy land? And so the string of questions went on, and were answered, only to be cross-examined by another fresh party. Every other man here wants to sell his plantation. They are a poor class, and it happens thus. Before the war—and it only requires a man to visit Virginia to judge of the horrors of a civil war—those men were all slaveholders to a large extent. Their great profit was raising slaves for the Southern market, for the cotton plantations of

South Carolina and Tennessee. Many of them lived like little princes, and owned slaves to the amount of 100,000 dols. This was their wealth, as we in Scotland are rich in flocks and herds, but

“The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold”

in the shape of war, freed the slave, and spoilt their property. All their spare cash—and some of them had no little of it—went at that time also. Thus they were left helpless; the nigger, or, as they call him in Virginia, the d—d nigger, for the most part had left the cursed land of slavery. Those who remained, having once tasted the sweets of freedom, cared not for work as long as they could keep life in them by any other means. The imperious planter was thus without labour or means. Brought up without knowing what work was, they were fast, hand and foot. With a slave to wait upon them, to fan them while asleep, it was a mighty change to shift for themselves. It was like setting an exotic of the rarest kind, fostered up under glass, away to the field to take its chance among the wild flowers that luxuriate there. Like these, some never took root, but died away; others are gradually becoming acclimatised; but from what we have seen, they are so demoralised, both master and slave, that they will not do much good for this generation at least. It is the fate of war, and yet with all their faults no one who visits that land can but be sorry for them. They are a generous and hospitable class, and will share their last morsel of bread with a stranger who may happen to be within their gates. But Virginia and

all the Southern States have a worse evil to contend with than the mean and demoralised white. He is a man of quick improvement and rapid intellectual growth when placed beside the freed slave. The former will die out or be supplanted by fresh blood in a generation; not so fast with the nigger; naturally a man of low attainments, long years of slavery have made him worse. Brought up to work through the fear of the lash, totally uneducated, and taught to hold loose and immoral ideas by their masters, was it a matter of surprise that the nigger should hang himself on a rope of his master's and his own construction? Was it a wonder that, after so many years of hard toil and degradation, he should drink too much of the spirit of freedom, and hunger very sorely after the fleshpots? It is a just retribution. The tobacco and cotton planters of the generous South may complain of their hard lot in having the uneducated, vicious negro put politically, and in many respects socially, on a level with themselves; but they must remember who it was that produced this calamity—who it was that fostered up the system of slavery so rudely destroyed by an all-powerful Creator. They are reaping a judgment for their evil ways; and yet they were only the principal actors in the great drama of slavery. The politicians of the North added their support and moral influence to the trade in human blood. However, we must make a halt, as we do not intend to enter upon the great question of slavery in the States. Such is the State of Virginia at present, with its demoralised planter, its vicious and lazy labourer. The great question is, Can the negro be

made a good and useful labourer? It struck us forcibly that, under an Englishman's guidance, he appears to work far better than with his former master.




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nce, he appears  
master.

II.

Virginia.

(SECOND PAPER.)

AR at any time is a terrible calamity. A civil war such as rent the United States of America can only be realised by those who saw it. Four years of constant fighting would try the very strongest people in the world ; nay, would so level and demoralise them that at least half a century would require to elapse before their recovery. Not so with the Americans. Ten years have passed, and the war in most parts of it is a matter of history. But on approaching Virginia visible traces crop up of the great struggle. It was destined, from what cause it is hard to explain, to be the great battle-field, the arena where brother was to rise up against brother. The thousands of graves that cover the mortal remains of many a brave and patriotic man, the battered houses, the ruins of splendid mansions, the unfenced state of the land, the once rich and fruitful clearings now covered with pine growth are terrible monuments of the death-struggle the American people engaged in from 1860 to 1864. On every class

such a state of affairs had its effect, but in this particular part none suffered so much as the planters, the great slave-holders of Virginia. As we said in the preceding paper, these are fast disappearing. They are being supplanted in a great measure by a large introduction of English blood. In fact, the British settler is now a great institution, and the element to which the old Virginian looks for the renovation of his fruitful country. But notwithstanding the large ingress of Britishers to the State, it is a matter of doubt whether such an experiment—for we can look at it only in that light at present—is to be a success. For ourselves, we think it has been as yet a failure in a very great measure, not so much owing to the country itself, as to the class who compose the emigrants. What is wanted in Virginia is a class of good steady agriculturists, who know what it is to work and turn their hand to anything, who have before their arrival there experienced what it is to make their living by farming. Such a class has not as yet found its way to Virginia. There are some, and wherever they have gone, as a rule, success has followed their efforts. But the great majority of what are called middle-class emigrants is made up of clerks, who are dissatisfied with their masters at home, and who scarce know the difference between a spade and a plough; shopkeepers who know as little; retired army and navy officers, whose peculiarities are well known; younger sons of our country gentry, who, too proud to work, leave their homes brimful of conceit, and who do not take well with a colonial life, where oftentimes they have to polish their

own boots and wash their own clothes. Perhaps it is the saddest spectacle imaginable to see large numbers of the latter roughing it. Sent out with small modicum of ready money, this is soon spent in riotous living either at the bar of a country store, where whisky of the vilest description is doled out at 10 cents a glass, or in some other questionable manner. It is one of the cruellest and most heartrending actions, first to bring up a lad in the greatest luxury, and then, when he grows up, to slip him away to a distant shore, there, with neither ideas nor resources, to take his chance among the roughs of society. Of such-like Virginia has more than enough. Is it, then, matter for wonder that the failures outweigh many times the successes? Men of caution are required here more than anything; men who will not try to improve too fast, who will only invest part of their money at first and keep the remainder in hand; for once he has to borrow, no matter how good his security, the interest charged is ruinous, as the credit of the agriculturist is at a low ebb. A settler must make up his mind to go quietly and slowly on for a year or two, keep his eyes open, gather experience at every turn, and there is but little doubt he will meet a fair share of success. In going to that State, or any part of the Union, it is wise either to go out with a band of colonists, or join a colony of some years' standing. What has been the great secret of success among the Germans on the Western Prairies but the ability they have to stick together? So it is in Virginia. A large number of emigrants settle down near one another. They have their own society, and



can help one another in a time of need. At other points you find the settlers few and far between, and for the most part dissatisfied and discouraged. By all means let a Britisher settle as near as possible to his own kinsfolk; for, however clever he may be, he is none the worse of their advice and support. While Virginia is suited to the emigrant with capital and education, it is as unsuitable to the labourer without either means or learning. It has been asked, Why do not some of the immense number of labourers who daily proceed from this country to the American shores find their way to some of the Southern States? The answer is this, that there the labour market is already supplied. Throughout the South, there are five millions of niggers, who, for the most part, are labourers. Virginia has her share, and perhaps more than enough. He receives about 50 cents, or 2s. per day. Is it likely that for this miserable sum, any stout German, English, or Irish emigrant will be induced to try his fortune in the sunny South? No, there is but one labourer for the South, and that is the nigger. He is there, and is daily on the increase—at least so say statistics—and it is not likely he will ever be removed. With education, with fair dealing, and with proper management, much may be made of him. With a superfluity of coloured labour, the cry is not for more of his commodity, but for capital and brains wherewith to employ it.

Coming to the point, the question to be asked runs thus: Is Virginia a land of promise to the middle-class emigrant? Candidly, we think it is. But a short time we remained there, yet enough we saw of it to con-

vince us that for a certain class it is a suitable and profitable part. It is not a paradise, nor can dollar bills be picked up like leaves from the trees. It is, however, a fine country; the soil, and more especially the bottom lands, are rich, and very susceptible of improvement. It is well watered by the purest of spring water, and beautifully wooded. There are difficulties also in the way. The roads are deplorable; the fences are worse. Yet those are matters incident to the beginning of every new country, for although this State has been settled for nearly 300 years the work of improvement is to begin afresh, with this difference from a virgin country, that much of the soil is poor and exhausted, but there is still left a boundless extent of fresh and good soil, and a large extent of bottom land that is practically inexhaustible. One fact, however, remains to be mentioned on this subject; it has no mean enemy to contend with in the grog shop, a passion for which has been carried from home by the British settlers, or, as in many cases they might be termed, the unsettled British. Broken down in health, the Englishman not unfrequently blames the climate, but the true reason will be found in the fact that he is too free in drinking of spirituous liquor. No constitution, however strong, will allow a man to indulge freely; and it is absolutely necessary for any person going to those parts to become very temperate, if not a teetotaler altogether. Throughout other parts of the Union, it is the fashion of many to jeer at Virginia—bad climate, fever and ague, not fit for any Englishman, and far less for a Scotchman, say they. It is not so bad as that; let a man live there

carefully and temperately, and there is little doubt the climate will have no more effect upon him than in the State of New York.

The price of the land itself varies very much, running from £1 up to £10 per acre. Good land, within easy reach of a railway, a moderate quantity of wood on it, with a good house and out-buildings, which generally consist of a stable and a large tobacco barn, can be bought from £2 to £3 sterling. An ordinary estate—that is, one not raised in value by being near a town, or some other fortunate circumstance—is procurable at the price the buildings upon it are valued at. In fact, pay for the house accommodation, and the land is all but thrown into the bargain. In the making of all bargains, either at home or abroad, much depends upon the parties who are concerned in the purchase. The first duty in buying an estate is to find out if the title is valid, and if there are no mortgages upon the land. Such facts can be ascertained at the register-office, in which are the title-deeds. Mortgages upon land are most correctly kept, and except such deeds are entered there, they are of no value in a court of law. The second and great duty lies with the settler himself in choosing a suitable position. No greater error is made than that of buying low-priced land which has few or no advantages. A few pounds are ill-spaced upon a plantation which is near to market and other conveniences. A third duty is never to buy land without residing some time in the country, for once you buy you are fixed for some years, at least till you get your land improved. All improved lands sell

readily and well. These are a few of the facts concerning the purchase of land. Many others are to be found out on arrival at the spot. The emigrant to Virginia should remember the old motto that "there's luck in leisure"—keep in mind that he is not wise above his fellow-men, and a man is never better paid in any of the colonies than by having a year's trial of colonial life before investing his money.



III.

Virginia.

(THIRD PAPER.)

**M**ONDAY the 25th day of May, 1874, will be long remembered as commemorating a new era in the history of the above State. Richmond, one of the most picturesque and beautiful cities of the Union, had put on her best attire to receive the British settlers who in their loyalty had determined to honour their Queen in a strange land, and at the same time they had gathered together with the intention of forming a British association to protect their interests, and to help any emigrant who should fall among sharpers on his arrival. Three or four hundred Englishmen from all parts of the State had gathered towards the rendezvous on the days previous to Her Majesty's birthday, which happened on Sunday the 24th; but it was not till the Monday morning that the streets became crowded and the presence of the British element was thoroughly distinguishable. At nine o'clock, amid the roar of cannon from the hill which is crowned by the capitol so famous in the civil war, the

British boys cheered to the echo, and made the walls ring with a true hurrah, when it was announced that a telegram had been sent to congratulate our noble Queen on the attainment of her fifty-fifth birthday by her subjects in Virginia. For, be it remembered, although there are many Englishmen in this State, few if any are as yet American citizens, owing to the unsettled state of political parties in the South. At twelve o'clock, within the House of Delegates, a great assemblage of British faces gathered round the Speaker's chair, which for the time being was occupied by Captain Jackson, who, after a few remarks, called upon Mr. St Andrews, an English resident, to address his fellow-countrymen. It was a stirring address, and not unfrequently raised the enthusiasm of the meeting to an overwhelming height. After he concluded, the British Association was formed upon a firm and sound basis. In the evening, the proceedings were continued by a banquet and ball in the Exchange Hotel. The former was attended by about 350 ladies and gentlemen, and was one of the gayest scenes we ever saw. The speaking was of the highest class, and excited the audience so much towards the finish, that the wildest confusion prevailed, till at last the scene closed with three tremendous cheers and shouts for Queen Victoria, which, no doubt, astonished the good citizens of Richmond, and had no effect upon the object they were intended to honour. Yet there is something noble and heart-inspiring to see with what a reverence our countrymen look back to the old homes and haunts of their youth. Far away, they still remember the green lanes

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of Norfolk, the wolds of Yorkshire, the heather hills of Scotia, the verdant fields of the Emerald Isle, the sweet country villages, the church with its modest spire—aye, perchance, the old churchyard with its tombstones o'erhung with ivy, beneath which lies the dust of their ancestors. The man is to be honoured who looks back with pride to the land of his birth; and I found in Virginia that, although away to seek their fortune in another clime, the British settlers did not disparage the old laws and customs of Great Britain, while they looked with a great hope and earnest expectation to the land of their adoption. Next morning, at breakfast, we got placed alongside an aristocratic-looking Englishman, a man evidently of some mark. After the usual morning congratulations and some cursory remarks upon the preceding day's celebration, said he, "I reckon you are not long on this side of the Atlantic?" We answered in the negative, and so the conversation was carried on, till at last we began to discover that we had some mutual acquaintances. He invited us to go down to his plantation and see what was being done in the way of improvement. But he was not going to start till the following day, so we had to remain in Richmond, and it may not be uninteresting to give some account of how we spent the day.

To begin with, it was "everlastingly hot," and light-coloured garments were the order of the day. Most of the forenoon was spent in looking about the city. Richmond, unlike the large majority of new world cities, is built on hilly ground, which adds much

to its beauty. It stands on the east side of the James river, on the other side of which Manchester, also a considerable place, is situated. It is laid out in squares, with broad, fine streets, lined with trees, which provide a most welcome shade to the side-walks. It was a busy place during the war, being the seat of the Confederate Government, and is surrounded by a system of forts and earthworks which were considered nearly impregnable. Large tobacco manufactories, flour mills, &c., give the place a more than local importance, and at this point some of our finest cigars are produced, as well as some of our vilest smoking mixtures. Some very inferior goods are manufactured at this spot. It is a most extraordinary sight to see the tobacco sales. Every barrel is sold by one auctioneer appointed by the commission agents, and no little speculation is indulged in. The people of Richmond are not unlike the English. The Virginians, as a rule, are lineal descendants of the British, and have little or no foreign blood in their veins. Every person has a military air, and you can scarce converse with a man but he has had, directly or indirectly, some connection with the army. Generals, colonels, and majors are as thick as the fallen leaves of autumn, and like them they are considerably faded in person and purse.

In the afternoon, we started for the Holywood Cemetery—a mixture of park and burial-ground. It is a most beautiful place, a fit resting-ground for the dead. One portion of it is set aside for the soldiers killed in battle. Fifteen thousand brave men lie mouldering there, shorn down in the fight by their brothers. Oh,



terrible thought ! civil war, a war between brethren, a death-struggle betwixt children of the same blood ! Standing among those graves, we longed for the day when " men shall beat their swords into plough-shares and their spears into pruning hooks." But it is past, and, like fire, it has cleansed the land, and generations yet unborn will feel the good effects of the burning scourge. Luckily for us, this was a great commemoration day—in other words, an annual day of mourning is held by all the inhabitants for the soldiers who perished during the war. It was about three o'clock when we reached the scene, and already an immense crowd was gathered. The first object that attracted our attention was a huge pyramid built of granite, rough and rude. There was no aspiration to high art, but the rugged pile, partially covered with the trumpet vine and other creeping plants, is a fit memorial for those who lie around. At the base were seated a large number of ladies and gentlemen, sheltered from the rays of the sun. At five o'clock, a battalion of Virginia volunteers marched on to the ground, headed by a splendid band, whose martial strains raised the old fire in the bosom of many a veteran. At this time the crowd reached its height, about 10,000 people being present. It was a great sight to see them all seated on the ground dressed in their summer garments, a bouquet of a tasteful description in each hand. It is the habit to strew the graves of the soldiers with flowers. Most of those are numbered, a few have private tombstones, but, monument or no monument, each had its flower to deck it gaily, or a wreath woven by some fair hand.

No nobler or more touching sight could be witnessed than watching those people quietly and orderly paying a tribute to their departed friends. Here might be seen the mother, the widow, the daughter, the brother, and many a father mourning for those who had gone to

"That undiscovered country,  
From whose bourne no traveller returns."

Many also of the private graves were decked artistically with flowers and evergreens. The whole of the cemetery is intersected by walks, pleasantly shaded by magnificent trees. One of the sides is skirted by the James river, which makes a series of small falls opposite. The scenery here is most picturesque. The water, as it comes rushing wildly over the rocks, the beautiful wooded islets that stand amidst the foaming stream, the majestic trees of the virgin forest that fringe the river's side, the very fact of Nature being left alone in her glory, renders the aspect of this romantic spot enchanting beyond measure. The gloaming was with us before we left this delightful place, much pleased indeed to have seen a whole city mourning over their departed friends.

Leaving next morning by the Richmond and Danville Railroad, we reached Amelia Courthouse, the depot where our friend Mr. B—— leaves the train. Entering a spring waggon, drawn by a very fine pair of mules, and driven by a nigger boy, we started for the plantation, a distance of some seven miles. At first the road was a fair one for the country, but the latter part was over a track through the forest, scarcely

formed, not even straight, round about the trees as best the driver could, while, at some points, a stump, 2 feet high, had to be managed the best way possible. The bad access to this plantation is its worst evil. Seven miles of a macadamised road is a mere nothing—the same distance of such as described above is a serious obstacle, and will take no little expense to put right. At last, after considerable jolting, we reached the farmhouse. It stands in the midst of a grove of trees that are seldom equalled for elegance, even in Virginia. To the south and west, orchards, some newly planted, others in full bearing, add much to the amenity of the place. In the background, the stables, barns, log-shanties, the abode of the niggers, cottages for the accommodation of guests, and other offices are situated. The ice-house stands here also, and is of most simple construction. A pit, some 10 or 12 feet deep, is dug into the sandy soil, and roofed over like a house; the object here being to let as much air as possible into it, while preventing the rays of the sun from entering. Ice is the simplest and greatest luxury that can be obtained in such a hot climate.

This estate was bought about two years ago. It contains about 1200 acres, of which 600 are cleared, the remainder being woodland, of which much is virgin forest, consisting of different varieties of pine, red and white oak, hickory, &c., and is indeed very valuable. The soil is sandy, except the bottom lands, which are alluvial deposit, and extraordinarily rich and fertile. No small proportion of the plantation consists of those deep and inexhaustible flats, and it is to these that the pro-

prietor has turned his attention in the first place. The total cost of this estate was somewhere about £2700, or 45s. per acre, a sum which would scarcely place the house and outbuildings there when they were first built; but even suppose these had deteriorated to half the sum, £1350, the land with all the wood upon it cost little over £1 per acre. There is little doubt such land in England would command an annual rent of 45s. per acre, and with the generous climate of Virginia, its producing powers are considerably enhanced above the same quality of soil in Great Britain. The labourers employed are all coloured men, with a white "boss," or steward, to direct them. From the experience gained here, they work very satisfactorily when properly looked after; mules do the ploughing and carting, while oxen haul wood and other heavy burdens; the former are considered superior to horses, and a first-class one costs about £40.

Mr. B., like a wise general, did not strike out into great improvements at first, but went at them slowly, and watched narrowly what effect they had. He began first and tried to grow some grass, as well as Indian corn, wheat, turnips, and mangolds. The grass was a capital pasture, the Indian corn was just appearing, and the turnips were only begun to when we visited the place. The latter were merely an experiment, as their culture had not been tried before in this State. As a rule, root crops, except potatoes, do not thrive so well as in our country. Then, the bottom land was next looked after, ditching and draining being the principal improvement required here. Already 100 acres

had been cleared of the undergrowth which through neglect had risen up on this fertile soil, and had been planted with Indian corn.

Fencing is actively carried forward. A steam saw-mill had just been erected previous to our visit, and as wood is superabundant, the whole place will soon be enclosed, the plan being to enclose the estate with a ring fence, and then divide it, and fence the enclosures as they are required. In three years' time, it is expected all the cleared land will be improved, and after that the forest land can be cleared, the wood sold, and a virgin soil will remain. Ultimately, or whenever it is practicable, Mr. B. intends turning his attention to the feeding of sheep and cattle, which are easily managed, and entirely free from disease of any kind—such as pleuro-pneumonia and foot-and-mouth disease. The bottom lands are intended for grazing in summer, and the uplands, which are of a drier nature, are to be kept in a regular rotation, something on this course—1, green crops or fallow; 2, winter oats; 3, hay; 4, grazing; 5, wheat; 6, Indian corn—farm-yard manure, crushed bones, and plaster to be applied as fertilisers. On paper this looks a very feasible plan, and, as far as the experiments have gone, success has followed them.

Above all, it requires men of capital, with practical heads; and as the above planter has both, Virginia and its soil will get a fair chance of being properly tried. He told us that he calculated on spending other three or four thousand pounds to finish his contemplated improvements of fencing, ditching, draining, and building. Such a sum will work a mighty change, and will make

the estate one of the most elegant in Virginia, bringing back reminiscences of former times to the old inhabitants.

Altogether, with the single exception of being far from a railway, which in course of time is sure to come nearer as the country gets settled and more productive, this plantation is a most desirable place to live at. The land here is your own, and the proprietor has no fear of that bugbear which troubles the English farmer, of being turned out at the end of his lease from the spot where perhaps he has spent the best and happiest part of his life. Far from us would it be to state that the planters of this country will make more money than his brother farmers at home; but then as time with its ceaseless roll speeds on, the landed property of Virginia is still owned by the proprietor, while the Englishman may toil all his life and be turned to the door at the finish, with perhaps a fair amount of money; but there is a pleasure in standing upon soil and exclaiming—"This is my own; no one can take it from me." Such is the lot of the farmer in America, whether in Virginia, the prairies of the West, or among the forests of Canada.

The climate is hot—indeed, very hot—somewhere about 90 degrees in the shade the days we spent there; but it is a dry atmosphere, very unlike our moist, wet climate, and the evenings are most delightful. Sitting one night in the verandah, enjoying the cool breeze that had risen up after the great heat of the midday sun, we watched the sun sink over the western horizon. It was a glorious sight, as it descended with a bright ruddy

glow, tinging the tops of the magnificent trees with a golden hue. As if in an instant darkness came. The sweet gloaming, so peculiar to our temperate climate, was wanting, but instead, the clear, transparent light of the moon shone down in all its glory. The songsters of the forest, so silent through the day, began to warble forth, and all nature became alive. The wind gently sighed through the leafy trees, the fire-fly flashed its phosphoric light from every plot of grass, the hoarse note of the bull-frog, as it came floating through the air from some swampy spot not far distant, adds much to the concert. The melancholy notes of the whip-poor-will sound strange to our ears, and bring back memories of the cuckoo and its deceptive wail. Such a medley of Nature's voices is never heard except in the forests of the west.

It was in visiting such spots, and seeing such scenes, that we spent not a few happy days in the State of Virginia, visiting among the hospitable natives, staying in the log shanty of some bold but generous and hospitable young Englishman, or luxuriating in the house of a well-to-do British settler, surrounded by all the comforts so peculiar to the middle class in this our native land.




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Illinois.

N the 1st of June, we took leave of Richmond, and started westward by the Ohio and Chesapeake Railroad. The road passes through the middle of the State of Virginia, crosses the rich valley of the Shenandoah, and runs through the Alleghanies, past the White Sulphur Springs, on towards the Ohio, where the traveller takes a boat at a place called Huntington, and sails from thence down the river to Cincinnati. One day sufficed us for sight-seeing at the latter place, and, leaving behind the vine-clad banks of the Ohio, we continued our journey to St Louis, the great centre of the West. Four or five days were profitably spent here visiting its schools, its factories, its public parks, viewing the broad Mississippi, on whose waters float those enormous steamers, familiar to all readers of books upon American travel. One day was spent in visiting the Valley of Flowers, which is situated some ten miles further up the river than the city. This is a most fertile valley, running westward from the Mississippi. It is about ten miles long and five broad. If one could imagine a land flowing with milk and honey, or a Garden of Eden, this would be



the spot. The general aspect is most inviting. The quiet homesteads, so neat and clean, surrounded by rich vineyards and flourishing orchards, the fine clumps of oak that dot the land at intervals, the splendid fields of wheat and Indian corn, the regularity of the fences, the fine pastures and heavy crops of hay, all bore evidence to the prosperity and wealth of the farmers. The wheat crop was expected to average 100 bushels per acre, and the quantity of hay about 250 to 300 stones. But we hasten on to our subject in hand.

Starting from St Louis on the morning of the 10th of June, we crossed the river by the new bridge to East St Louis, which is situated in the State of Illinois, and took the train to Springfield. The road runs alongside the river, past the mouth of the Missouri to Alton, a thriving town of 40,000 or 50,000 inhabitants. Then it strikes through perhaps the best farmed land in the States. Thirty years ago, this was wild prairie land, and could be bought for about 5s. per acre; now it is all settled, and can only be purchased from £10 to £15 per acre - not a bad speculation for the original buyers. The soil consists of a deep, dark loam, rather of a sandy than a heavy nature, and is practically inexhaustible. Several parties stated they knew portions of land that had been cropped with wheat for over twenty years, and up to this time had yearly improved. The prairie of Illinois is flatter than that of some of the other Western States. It is a perfect plain, with a gentle elevation from the banks of the streams and rivers which intersect it at all points. This abundant supply of water is very valuable. Where

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there is no stream, wells need only be sunk from twenty to thirty feet, and a copious supply is obtained. From these it has to be raised, an operation performed by most ingenious pumps, driven on the windmill principle. Nor is it entirely destitute of trees. Along the sides of the creeks timber is abundant, while throughout the whole State belts of forest are frequently met. The osage orange, a plant of the same nature as our hawthorn, grows in great luxuriance, and has been turned to account for fencing, for which purpose it is admirably adapted. In settling those Western prairies, the want of wood for fencing was severely felt by the earlier settlers, but the cultivation of the above plant has done much to remove that difficulty, and now the whole of this State is marked by hedgerows as trim and more serviceable than ours at home. Coal is found in considerable quantities, and supplies fuel for the inhabitants, who have no wood on their farms. It is of good quality, being of a soft nature, and burns readily. With the osage orange for fencing, and a sufficient supply of coal for burning, this State is nearly independent of wood, except for building houses and barns; stones are not readily found. In talking about fuel, we may mention that Indian corn cobs—that is, the part of the plant on which the grains grow, and from which they are stripped before being sent to market—are often used to supply the place of coal and wood, and burn excellently.

The climate is very fine. The southern part of the State is in the same line of latitude as Virginia and Kansas, while the northern part touches the colder

climates of Iowa and Michigan and New York. But the mildness of the winters is proverbial, while gentle breezes make the heat of summer more pleasant than in other parts of the Union. It is also free from those terrible storms that sweep across some other portions of the prairie, their violence being broken by the belts of woodland. No better proof of the fine winter enjoyed by the State can be found than in the fact that cattle and sheep can find their food all the year round in the open field. During some years they may need a little hay, but during the season of 1873-4 no extra food was given to stock.

The products of this State are principally Indian corn, wheat, and Timothy hay. In travelling along the railroad, the eye is struck with the enormous fields of Indian corn, which, by the way, is a most graceful plant. Twenty miles may be traversed, and little else can be seen but the latter plant. It is planted in rows about three feet wide, each plant being about the same distance apart, and it is worked on the same plan as our turnips are. The machinery for its cultivation is very perfect, combining lightness and stability in a manner our agricultural implement makers would do well to follow. But while the above crops occupy the largest proportion of the State, no mean area is taken up with grazing lands, to which more attention is turned year by year, and it is not improbable that most money is to be derived from them at present. These are entirely used for the raising of Shorthorn cattle and the fattening of bullocks brought from the stock-raising regions of Colorado, Kansas, and Texas. As considerable atten-

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tion has been paid and not a little written upon those  
 feeding farms of Illinois, it may be interesting to give a  
 description of one of the largest of those we personally  
 inspected. We left Springfield one wet morning (which,  
 it may be remarked, was the only day we had a sem-  
 blance of rain the whole time we were out West, ex-  
 cept an occasional thunder-shower), proceeding by the  
 Toledo and Wabash line. We left the cars at Berlin,  
 a pushing little village, consisting of a hotel, three  
 stores, and a livery stable.

Scarcely had we left the station when a Yankee,  
 with that peculiar eye to business so notable among the  
 race, accosted us with these words, although he knew  
 not where or wherefore we were going—"I guess,  
 stranger, you will need a buggy to drive out to country;  
 I am the boy to fix you up." Thanking him kindly,  
 we walked away, much to the astonishment of the  
 inhabitants; and after a trudge of some five miles  
 through mud of the most tenacious character, we  
 reached Grove Park, the farm residence of the Brown  
 Brothers. The house stands amidst a grove of magni-  
 ficent oaks that would cast into the shade the brave old  
 trees that adorn our forests and parks at home. It is  
 built of wood, and is most complete as far as comfort  
 requires. Behind is situated the garden with its vines,  
 apple and peach trees, water melons, sweet potatoes,  
 and other vegetables. Not far distant stands the stables  
 on the one side, while on the other are some sheds and  
 boxes for the accommodation of young stock; but as  
 a whole the buildings are poor, although, no doubt,  
 they may be quite equal to the requirements of the

place. The father of the present proprietor bought most of the farm for 5s. per acre. By some additions, the acreage has been raised to 3000 acres, and the value per acre has increased during that time to about £15. At present the taxes amount to a little over £200. Since it was bought no small amount of money has been spent in improvements. It is all fenced, in the first place—in the second, the prairie was broken up, and cropped for a series of years with Indian corn and wheat, before being laid down with artificial grasses. When we were there, the last fields had been sown down, and, with the exception of something like 100 acres kept in Indian corn and hay, the entire place is under grass, which is of the richest nature. It consists of blue grass (which appears to take the place of our rye-grass), white and red clover, and Timothy. The great advantage of this system is that it gives little trouble, and few labourers are required. It is divided into large enclosures, either by woods, fences, or osage orange hedges. Through the farm various streams run, and it is so arranged that each enclosure has a plentiful supply of water. In case of a severe drought, the above have been dammed at several points, so that there is no fear of any lack of water even in the driest summer. Altogether, the arrangements about this place are most complete, and say a great deal for the father of the present proprietors, who laid the foundation of these improvements.

The stock upon this farm consists entirely of cattle. In the first place, a herd of Shorthorns is kept, among which are some animals of considerable merit. A

three-year-old bull, Summit Airdrie, by the 15th Duke of Airdrie, is an animal that would grace any show-yard. He is directly descended from the Duchess blood, which is the most popular in America at present. Some valuable cows of the same strain, and a few particularly sweet yearling heifers, are also a part of this herd, which numbers about 50 head. A biennial sale is held for the disposal of the surplus animals, and, as a rule, large prices are realised, making it a profitable business. All the stock, except some of the more valuable animals on the male side, live outside winter and summer. The younger animals receive some attention, the calves being allowed to suckle their mothers till they are nine months old. After being weaned, they are left very much to themselves, and certainly they are as blooming as any stock we ever saw. Being allowed perfect freedom, they get plenty exercise, which develops the muscles, and gives them a finished appearance at an early age. It may be remarked that in winter the herd are kept in a large park that surrounds the house, and which is well sheltered by enormous oak trees. But it is a novel idea to an old countryman to think of valuable Shorthorns, with the most fashionable pedigrees, lying out in the field the whole year.

To complete the stocking of this farm, 800 Texas cattle are fattened yearly. The system followed is this:—Every fall one of the brothers proceeds to Kansas city and selects a herd from the cattle that are brought there from the stock-raising regions of Texas. The cattle, as a rule, are about five or six years old, and are possessed of enormous long horns, not unlike

the Spanish cattle exhibited at Smithfield. They are very bony, with large frames, and capable of carrying a large amount of beef when properly fattened. About 1200 lbs. gross weight is above an average, although in good seasons that figure is sometimes touched. Last year the cost of those animals home to Grove Park was about £3, 10s. per beast; that is a low price, because, owing to the depression in trade, lean stock were cheap and easily bought. On their arrival, they are put out to the pastures, and allowed to remain there till the month of August, when they are sent to Chicago at the rate of 100 per week, to be sold and make room for a fresh supply. During the winter hay is supplied in stormy weather, but last season none was needed, owing its peculiar mildness. A little hard weather is not objected to, as it strengthens the constitution, and in a general way they thrive better afterwards. In this respect they are like to our Cheviot and blackfaced sheep, which are always the better of a little snow during the winter. These cattle, when sold, bring about £10 each, thus leaving a handsome profit.

About 20 horses are kept for riding and other purposes; all the herding is done on horseback. Two of the brothers and three men are the only individuals employed, and they manage the stock, fences, dams, crops, haymaking, &c., quite easily. The labour is thus reduced to a minimum. The Brown boys appear to know their business, and the great secret of their success is that they look after it themselves.

In conclusion, our impression is that the State of

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Illinois is the finest in the Union in an agricultural point of view. It possesses the best soil—in fact, the richness of it can scarcely be imagined except by those who have seen it; it has a plentiful supply of water; and with St Louis on the south side and Chicago on the north, it is unequalled for markets; while its railway system is perfect. At the same time, the climate is all that can be desired. As a field for emigration little can be said, as already it is fully settled, every inch of land being taken up. Desirable farms cannot be purchased below £12 or £15 per acre, but when you do purchase land in this part, there is the satisfaction of knowing that it is of the best quality. It takes a large capital to buy a holding in those parts; but whatever is the price paid, there is little fear but that it will turn out a good speculation, as the advance on real estate during the last few years has been enormous, and will continue so as long as the tremendous flow of emigration goes on to these western States.





## Chicago.

**W**HO has not heard of Chicago, the great City of the West? What has it do with agriculture? might be the next question. We will answer that in the following article. In the year 1830 this place got its name, was surveyed and laid out for a city by Mr. James Thompson, the original map being still in the recorder's office. At that time about one hundred individuals lived in a perfect hamlet situated upon the shores of Lake Michigan. It was a most unlikely place for a large city. The situation was a perfect morass, and at this present time the foundations of the dwellings are only ten feet above the level of the lake. During the year 1837 a charter was granted, and the population had increased to 5000. So it went on until at the present time it is believed there are resident in the city 500,000 people. For growth it is not equalled in the page of history. In the short space of forty-four years, a howling wilderness has been transformed into a magnificent city, with broad streets and substantial edifices, and with a population more than equal to that of Liverpool, and considerably above the last census returns of Glasgow.

One day, while driving with a friend through the city, we asked him to take us round the confines of the fire of 1871, which covered an area of two miles long by one in breadth. After doing so, he took us to a point where we could get a view of the town as it stretches away from the shores of Lake Michigan into the boundless prairie. He pointed out the places where the great destroyer began, where it ravaged most furiously, and where it died out after a long struggle for life. In the space mentioned above scarce a dwelling was left. There was one notable exception. A house built of wood, but surrounded by a miniature forest and beautiful gardens, escaped from the jaws of the fire. Round and round it raged, and by a miracle both the splendid trees and the house with its piazzas and shingle roof remained untouched. By its side no blackened and unseemly ruins were now to be seen; no spectral walls, broken and effaced, stood amidst heaps of rubbish and *debris*. Instead, splendid stores, costly mansions, wondrous hotels, handsome churches with graceful spires, well-paved and cleanly streets, filled with anxious multitudes, met the eye. What had been a mass of smouldering ashes on one October morning, 1871, is now rebuilt in the short space of three years in a more substantial and lasting way. This fact speaks volumes for the inhabitants of Chicago, and is the best proof of their tremendous energy; and it also says much for the people of England, who supplied a great part of the money to rebuild the business part of the city. The wonders of Chicago lie not in its classic associations. It has no museums, no picture-

galleries full of old masters, no monuments erected to the great departed, no history of sieges it has withstood, no battered walls to show the tourist. Its newness is its greatness. Its commercial interests are its wonders. Of these latter some conception may be gained from the following figures, showing the shipments of agricultural and other produce from this point in 1873 :—

Shipments of flour and grain equal to 98,935,413 bushels, estimated value				\$63,500,000
Live stock	...	...	...	57,000,000
Product of cattle and hogs	...	...	...	30,500,000
Product of dairy	...	...	...	3,500,000
Wool and hides	...	...	...	15,000,000
High wines and alcohol	...	...	...	7,500,000
Seeds and brown corn	...	...	...	2,000,000
Other commodities	...	...	...	1,000,000
Total	...	...	...	\$180,000,000

The manufacturing interests of the place are also large, but mostly connected with the agricultural interest, from which the whole prosperity of the place is derived. It would be useless to go further into statistics, and we shall content ourselves with giving a short account of one of its industries, the pork-packing business.

On a sultry afternoon, we started to see one of the establishments in which this business is carried on. As it happened, this was the only place running at the time, as most of the houses stop during the summer on account of the heat. But the owner of this establishment had procured a patent machine, by which he forced a draught of cold air upon the carcases of the hogs and froze them as if it had been winter, so that he was able

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to kill, dress, and cure all the year round. It was one of the least of the packing-houses, but in many respects it was said to be the best planned. It had cost altogether about £20,000, was built entirely of wood and roofed with shingles. By a gangway, the pigs are forced up to the level of the floor of the third storey on to a large platform capable of accommodating 200 or 300 at a time. About 20 of these are driven into a lesser enclosure, inside of which stands a man, who catches hold of one of the pigs by the hind legs and fixes a chain round them. Above him stands another person, who, by means of a pulley worked by steam, raises the unfortunate and squealing animal up to a certain height, and places the animal which is attached to the end of the chain upon an iron rail fixed to the roof of the building, and along which it runs, and thus conveys the pig a distance of some twelve feet to a third party stationed on a level with the first. He grasps the struggling beast (in some cases they are felled beforehand by the first man, and remain motionless) by the fore-legs, and gives it the death-thrust in a most business-like manner with a two-edged knife. The pig's head being downwards, it bleeds freely, and is very soon in the land of forgetfulness. After death, and sometimes before it, the carcase is dropped into a large cauldron full of hot water, and capable of holding about 20 at a time. On each side of this stands a man, who keep stirring the contents about with a long pole. From this the carcase is raised by machinery on to a table, where it is scraped and the head is all but severed from the body. Again they are hoisted up on to a

continuation of the rail, and passed round to a man who, with three motions of his knife, takes out the whole entrails. This was a very clever performance. It was quite refreshing to watch the earnest countenance of the labourer as he plied his knife most assiduously, no smile breaking over his face. He gutted pigs at the rate of two per minute. The inside portions are conveyed into another apartment, where a staff of men and boys sort them, not a single part being wasted. In this side room are placed a range of huge boilers for manufacturing all the fat, cuttings, &c. Having been gutted, the carcase is passed along to another person, who washes it thoroughly with cold water. By his side stands another, who cuts off the head and gives the body a last finishing touch. From here it is run along to other men, who chop it in two and take out the backbone. It is then sent away to its place and allowed to cool. In winter time the carcasses can stiffen any place, but in warm weather they are slipped down into a chamber situated in the second storey, and cooled through the action of air blown by fanners from a mixture of ice and salt water. By this process they soon stiffen. Here all the ribs and other bones are cut out. Allowed to remain in the freezing atmosphere as long as necessary—generally twelve hours,—they are next sent down to the under storey, which is also kept at a lower temperature. Arrived there, the hind hams are cut off and put into a trough of boiling water, while the middle and other parts are laid upon rails and allowed to dry for 24 hours. They are then salted, and allowed to remain in the salt for 20 days or there-

abouts. In summer time they have to be turned. In winter this is not necessary. The last process is packing the ham and bacon into boxes, and then the pork is ready for the market. At this particular establishment they manufacture, if such an operation can be described by that word, about 700 per day. This is a large number in our eyes, but what must it be to see 5000 per day put through the same process? One company in Chicago kills at the rate of 30,000 per week during the winter months.

Altogether, about 2,000,000 of hogs were slaughtered and packed during season 1873-74 in this city. It is a most interesting sight to look at those "battues" among hogs, and shows forth in a marked degree the ingenuity of the people. We took particular notice of the people employed at this sort of work, and with the exception of the foreman, who is a Scotchman, every man was of Irish birth or extraction. They appear to thrive well amidst the dirt and stench of the establishment. Of all the cities in the States, Chicago is the most pushing and business-like. Perhaps there is too much excitement, too much seeking after the "almighty dollar;" but when we consider the terrible losses the inhabitants suffered three years ago, no wonder they work hard to get their wealth back again.



**Iowa.**

HE State of Iowa is situated between the 40th and 43d deg. north latitude, and between 90 and 97 deg. west longitude, being about 200 miles long from north to south, and rather more from east to west. The broad Mississippi and the mighty Missouri bound it on either side, and before the days of railroads were the great highways for commerce, and even yet a good trade is done by the steamers that ply upon their waters. But their usefulness has been much impaired by the splendid railway system that has been developed of late years in the State. Four roads strike right across from one river to the other, and those are intersected by many other branch railways, which are yearly increasing. The prairies of Iowa differ from those of Illinois in a marked degree. Those of the latter are level, and stretch away for miles and miles without a single elevation. They are flat to a fault, and in some cases have scarcely enough decline to drain the surface, while those of the former are of a rolling nature. This is the prairie of the imagination, rolling away like the billows of the ocean, forming what are known as "land waves." It seems as if, at some time

long past, a terrific wind had swept across the face of the country with such awful violence as to blast the very trees and raise the soil into the form of a tempest-tossed ocean, when in a moment the elements had been stopped and left the land in its undulating state. Streams of all sizes, sank deeply into the soil, flow slowly but surely through all parts of the State, finding their way either eastward to the Mississippi, or westward to the Missouri. They drain the land and supply water to man and beast, a point of no little value out on these treeless plains. The soil is of a dry, sandy nature, well adapted to the cultivation of Indian corn, and especially wheat, which is grown in large quantities and with much success. In fact, there is no other State so well suited to the rearing of the wheat plant as the above. The soil is not only suitable, but the climate is favourable, neither too much heat nor cold. Grass also appears to flourish, and no little space is covered with hay and artificial pastures. In this respect it is behind Illinois. It wants that deep, loamy black soil, and, although the bottom lands and hollows are very rich, yet, as a whole, it will not compare with its sister State. Yet there is something very taking in the general aspect that attracts the eye of the traveller. There is the rolling prairie, with its meandering streams, in most places broken up and planted with Indian corn, or sown with wheat; at other points good fields of hay or rich luxuriant pastures, great in red clover and Kentucky blue grass, are met. Sometimes the cars run through a track of prairie land in its native state, over which vast herds of cattle roam and gather their food



from the grass called blue-joint, which grows in the greatest profusion in the low grounds, and which can be cut and made into hay without difficulty.

Every now and again the iron horse steams through a village, for it is the fashion out in these parts that the railway occupies the centre of the principal street of whatever place of any importance it honours with its presence. These villages are, in truth, "sweet Auburns." In their simplicity consists their beauty. Built of wood and whitewashed, they have a neat and clean appearance, while around each one is an ample plot of ground—a home for the peach, the plum, the apple, and vine. Yes! out on yon western prairies, not long since the home of the red man, the bison, and prairie dog, there are rising up simple villages like unto those that once adorned the landscape of England and stood amidst the hills of old Scotland. As we see our hamlets depopulated, and the population in our country districts grow mournfully less, the old country traveller over the plains of the great West cannot but mark the rapidity with which a village springs into existence, with its stores, its churches, its hotels, its schools, its private houses, and the eternal grog-shop—a feature that could well be spared. The homesteads, as a rule, are poor, the house being a mere cabin, and the barns and stables of the cheapest order on account of the high price of wood and the general poverty of the first settlers. Here and there may be seen a well-built dwelling-house, with good out-buildings surrounded with cotton-wood trees 20 feet high and ten years old, and fields enclosed with osage orange fences. Such a place

is, however, the exception, and is probably the home of some farmer who has migrated from the Eastern States.

The climate of this State is against it in some respects. Its winters are severe, and it is subject to storms and considerable quantities of snow. These facts are serious drawbacks to its wealth as a stock-raising country. The seasons are well defined, and, as regards the health of its inhabitants, it will bear favourable comparison with any of its sister States. Fever and ague, the pests of many parts of the Union, are scarcely known here. The general appearance of the men, women, and children prove the statements of reports published. The heats of summer in a country so far from any temperate influence are great, but they are rendered less unpleasant by the delightful breezes that are wafted across the prairies. The evenings are cool, and heavy dews often fall in the silent hours of the night. There is also abundance of rain to promote vegetation. Its products are various. As we said before, wheat is perhaps more at home here than in any part of the United States. The cool evenings and frosty nights are congenial to this plant. Indian corn is also largely cultivated, but it is rather far from market to leave much pay, and is turned to account for feeding stock. In the season of 1873 this article got so low that it paid to burn it rather than send per rail to market. This year there is a better prospect. Barley, oats, flax, and potatoes also grow well. Fruit of all kinds grows in the greatest profusion, and no one has any need to seek far for it. Timber is very scarce—even the creeks are badly supplied—but coal is found

in great abundance. The absence of trees is due to the fires that annually sweep across the prairies, for when planted they grow well, and both the soil and climate appear to suit the English larch. It may be remarked that great advantages are given to settlers who plant any portion of their homesteads with trees, as it is the policy of the Government to make those tracts of land not only to provide wood for building purposes, but also to secure shelter from the terrific winds which sweep across the plains periodically. The raising and feeding of stock, notwithstanding the difficulties it has to contend with from the severe winters, is largely followed, and yearly increasing. It is this system of management that looks most like paying. The country is specially adapted for sheep, with its dry, friable soil and natural shelters. No little money is yearly derived from the manufacture of dairy produce, a species of farming that yearly gains in favour. It is, of course, difficult to judge what style of agriculture is most advantageous to a certain part; but one fact we are sure of, in regard to the State of Iowa, that it will never be able to compete with the State of Illinois in raising and feeding stock. From all accounts, the winters will not allow stock to remain outside without artificial food; and as the fact brings in the question of manual labour, it cannot have the same advantages as those parts of the Union where cattle and sheep gather their own food all the year round. Notwithstanding the above hindrances, statistics state that last year the amount of wool exported was 2,300,000 lbs., while there were shipped per rail from the State 130,000 live cattle, 500,000

hogs, 30,000,000 lbs. of dressed hogs, and 78,000 sheep. The above numbers are derived from the railway returns. The amounts sent per river boats were not ascertainable.

Already the most part of this State has been taken up either by actual settlers or outside speculators. The Homestead Law, made in the interests of emigration, entitles every man who intends to settle to a grant of 160 acres on condition that he remains on it and cultivates it for five years, after which he is entitled to the deeds of possession. Such offers, of course, are rapidly taken advantage of, and every man, whether he be a farmer, a tailor, a shoemaker, a mason, or a jack-of-all-trades, at once proceeds to secure his Government grant. Compliance with this law is very easy; erect a hut either of sods or with lumber, plant some Indian corn and reap it, are sufficient to satisfy the Government, even if the settlers live some distance away and practise a trade or profession. Such is the substance of the above law, which offers such inducements to settlers, and has drawn immense crowds of all sorts and sizes of people to the Western prairies. Whether there is any great quantity of land to dispose of under this enactment in the above State, we cannot positively say. However, there are still available large quantities of railroad lands. When the railways were projected and laid across those plains, there were few or no inhabitants either to travel by them or supply freight. Without the iron horse and its waggons there was little prospect of the inland portions of the country being settled, for though there is no doubt about the fertility

of the soil, what was the good of corn and wine if there was no outlet? The Government very wisely placed before any companies formed for the promotion of railways certain advantages. They gave them a free grant of half the lands on each side of the line for a distance of twenty miles outward from the railroad. The land was surveyed into square miles, or 640 acres. The companies became possessors of every alternate section on condition that they formed the roads. At some points they got the whole lands adjacent to the railways, but this system was not much followed, because it allowed speculators to come in and buy up large portions with the intention of waiting for the rise of real estate. While the companies owned half the sections, the other half was still procurable under the Homestead Laws, but instead of 160 acres only 80 acres, or one-eighth part of a square mile, was allowed to the settler. In the State of Iowa, those free grant lands near to the railroads are being rapidly taken advantage of, and the country is becoming populated very quickly. In our journey across the State, we passed through the lands of the Iowa Railroad Land Company, which lie in the middle region of the State, and comprise an area of 1,500,000 acres. There are other companies having lands for disposal, but we travelled by this line, as it was the most advantageous by which to secure a view of the country and judge of its merits. As the free grants are being taken up, railroad lands are getting into demand. Many people prefer to buy land near a railway rather than go further west away from civilization, or go back twenty miles from a railway, where pro-

duce has to be sent a long way before shipping it. Thus, many people with a little money are pushing out to those lands, and securing a section either for present or future use. The general price is from 15s. to 25s. per acre. For the latter sum very good land, situated advantageously in regard to a railway *depot*, can be obtained. It is, of course, unfenced, and has to be broken up and improved, which is a matter of some time. Farms of from 40 acres and upwards can be bought, and either paid in cash or bought on credit prices payable in so many years. The emigrant who takes up land under the Homestead Law has only to build his hut (which can be made of sods), buy a pair of horses, mules, or oxen, and procure some seed corn, and his farm is commenced; a cow and two or three pigs are added by-and-bye to the live stock. His first two or three years are attended with hard struggles; but patience and perseverance, not always found in the settler, generally prevail against all obstacles. At present we do not speak further upon the advantages and disadvantages of emigration to those parts, as we intend in a future article to discuss this subject more fully. But the capitalist—and we do not class him an emigrant proper—who can buy his 640 acres, and has money to stock, fence, and otherwise improve, is very soon an independent man. He can easily live comfortably on his farm. It is not so much what a man actually makes over and above his food and clothing. It is the natural increase of real estate. It is hard to say what land worth £1 per acre at this date may be worth ten years after this,

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especially after the soil has been broken up and improved.

The above State has many advantages, but it has also not a few obstacles to contend with. The railway system is very good, but markets are no little distance away. Chicago is the nearest point, and as freights are high such bulky materials as Indian corn and wheat do not leave a large profit when the carriage is deducted. Here the capitalist has the advantage over his poorer neighbours. He can turn his Indian corn into beef, mutton, pork, or wool, and thus reap a greater benefit.

As stated before, the winters are very severe, but some moderation may be expected when the population increases and the country is well cultivated and covered with trees. As a State, it cannot be compared to that of Illinois, Indiana, or Missouri; but we must keep in mind that these are fully settled, and the price of land is very much greater. Iowa has still some openings for the emigrant class who intend to make their living by the pursuit of agriculture—for the farmer with his £1000 or £2000, as at some points the company owns solid tracts of land, and can sell any quantity.




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## VII.

### Nebraska.

EOGRAPHICALLY this State occupies a most central position in the American continent. It lies between the 40th and 43d parallels north latitude, and 19th and 27th degrees of longitude west from Washington, and is bounded on the north by Dakota, on the south by Kansas and Colorado, on the east by Iowa and Missouri, and on the west by Colorado and Wyoming. The Missouri forms a natural boundary on the east and part of the north side; while the Platte, a considerable tributary of the above, although not navigable, flows nearly through the centre, and acts as an enormous drain for the larger part of the State. In schoolboy days this was the "desert" of the American continent, and even yet, in many respects, it could still be designated by that name. With the railway came civilization. The Union Pacific Railroad commences at Omaha, and following the course of the Platte River to North Platte City, it leaves the main branch, continuing along the southern tributary of the above to Julesburg, then it follows a small creek from there to Cheyenne City in the Wyoming Territory. The western terminus of the



road is at Ogden, where it connects with the Central Pacific. Our experience of this State was wholly confined to railway travelling, with one or two exceptions, when we struck across the prairie for a few miles to see the quality of the soil, and get some idea of how the first settlers of those wild regions fare. Time did not permit further investigation. The soil can be judged from the cars, especially where there is a cutting, and no little information can be gathered from the free and easy Western boy with his bowie knife and revolver, who very frequently takes advantage of the train that passes along the route each day with its freight of passengers principally bound for Denver, Utah, and San Francisco. Speaking of the soil, the valley of the Platte, which the road follows for 350 miles, is fertile, although not equal to the Eastern States, and in some places it is apt to be flooded. Out from the river sides the land may be divided into two classes—table land, or, as the natives term it, high table land, and rolling prairie. The bottom lands are, no doubt, very rich, being mostly alluvial deposits of a sandy nature, and mixed with lime in a small degree, but the others are far from being of such quality as Iowa and Illinois. One hundred and fifty miles west from Omaha the soil is fair, but after that it is considerably mixed with alkali, and is of inferior quality. The further west one goes it deteriorates. While the larger portion of the State is not well adapted to arable farming, it is of great use and value for raising stock wherever water is to be found in any quantities, and, as a rule, a sufficient supply of that precious liquid can

be had at intervals. At present the great value of this State lies in its powers of raising cattle and sheep. This business has been largely gone into, and promises to pay well. The climate, on which depends the success of this branch of agriculture, is in many ways suited to it. Although an inland State, and far from softening influences, the climate is temperate, and not subject to those great extremes so marked in many other places. Statistical tables, if they can be followed, show the temperatures of the seasons to be thus:—Spring, 49 degs.; summer, 74 degs.; autumn, 51 degs.; winter, 31 degs. During the summer months the falls of rain is large. From April to October  $20\frac{1}{2}$  inches is the average; from October to April somewhere about 9 inches is the rainfall. Thus, at the season when rain is most required, it falls liberally. The snow does not come in large quantities. Cattle live comparatively well all the year round with the aid of a little hay. Terrific storms sometimes sweep across the prairie, which is sheltered by no trees. The violence of these outbreaks is tremendous. The Government are trying all means in their power to stop this evil by inducing settlers to plant trees, in the hope that they will break the force of the winds. The prairie is subject to fires, which sweep everything before them. The Indian difficulty does not interfere with the peace of the inhabitants, at least along the line of rails. A part of the Pawnee tribe dwell in contentment near to Columbus; they are a dirty race. They do not care for work, and to beg they are not ashamed.

The products of this State are the same as Iowa. The soil is not so well adapted for wheat. It grows Indian corn readily in the bottom lands. The prairie is specially suitable for sheep, being of a dry, friable nature, with good shelters. Wood is scarce, and coal exists in thin seams, and is not worked to any advantage. On either side of the State plenty of fuel is found. The grass of this region is principally short, stunted buffalo grass, thinly planted. In the lower grounds hay can be procured to provide against a stormy winter. For the sale of produce, Nebraska has not to depend entirely upon Chicago and St Louis, but finds a ready market for its goods in the mining regions of Colorado and Utah. Much of the wheat and corn finds its way westward to those regions, instead of going east.

The lands of this State are practically unbroken yet. Nearly the whole State is subject to the Homestead Law, with the exception of the grants held by the Union Pacific Railroad Company, who are at present selling those as far west as North Platte City. Alongside the route the railway company have the usual grant of twenty miles wide on each side, and here the homestead grant is 80 acres instead of 160. This company owns some of the best land in the State, especially the bottom lands of the Platte River. No doubt, the best lands are worthy of some attention, and will be rapidly occupied, for settlers are trooping out in large numbers in search of homesteads; but the present wealth of this State lies in its enormous tracts of grazing land, extending to many thousands of

square miles. These are free. A person selects his ranche, obtains a sure supply of water, and he may rest undisturbed for many years to come. Already enormous herds of cattle roam across those prairies, so lately the home of the red man, but stock-raising may be considered as yet in its infancy. Many cattle of an inferior class are seen from the railway. One morning, while steaming along, the train was stopped, or nearly so, out on the open prairie. A herd of cattle, numbering at least 5000, had lain down on the track through the night, and the herdsman had been unable to lift them from their lair; so, after much touting of the whistle and ringing of the engine bell, the long-horns moved slowly off the track. The cattle on those prairies are not unlike the old Spanish cattle, but they are being rapidly graded with shorthorns. Sheep are being introduced, but as yet no definite results have been obtained. Mexican ewes, crossed with merino rams, have succeeded to a certain degree with some parties. There is an opening for the sheep farmer, as both soil and climate are suitable. Foot-rot—an objection of great weight in many of these Western States, owing to the dry nature of the winter, and the amount of lime impregnated in the soil—is seldom troublesome. The great objection is the fires that sweep across and devastate whole regions at once. The advantage, to our mind, in sheep farming, if this danger can be avoided, is that wool is easily conveyed to market. Like the vast sheep pastures of Australia, the profit is to be principally derived from the above product. While an income is made from this source,

the flock will go on increasing, and granting that little is got for the live animal, yet the keep does not cost much; in fact, the only expense is the labour, and the erection of a few corrals to protect flocks from the wild animals, such as wolves, that infest the prairies. Many people laugh at the idea of stock-raising in those regions, but for ourselves we are convinced that it is no dream. It is not every one who can be a stock farmer, but at this moment there are men living along the line of the Union Pacific who own many thousand dollars worth of live stock, which is imperceptibly but gradually increasing in value. Twenty or thirty thousand cattle away in Nebraska are equal to a good few thousand pounds when valued at 50s. each. Talking of sheep, it must be kept in mind that wool is not so much below the price of our own at home. At the same time, as emigration advances westward—which it is as sure to do as that the earth goes round the sun—live stock of all kinds will advance in value; and as the Cheviots and Lammermoors supply with stock the feeding farms of the Merse and Lothians, so those Far West prairies, that stretch away from the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains, the vast plains of Nebraska, Colorado, Kansas, and Texas, must, as a natural consequence, supply the rich feeding soils of Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, and the other Eastern States.

A remarkable fact connected with these Western prairies is the rapidity with which villages spring into life. The station, then a hotel, a store for all manner of goods, from jumping-jacks to ploughs, a bar and billiard saloon, a church and school, a lumber-yard and

flour mill, are the first commencement. In a short time all manner of people gather about, and the real estate near at hand is plucked up by speculators. Along the line many such places are found. They owed their birth to the steam engine, and many of them are now considerable towns of five years old. The town of Columbus, situated ninety miles west from Omaha, is one of those places which have sprung into life within a few years. Before the railroad crossed to California it was a small village, but since it has grown into a town of 1000 inhabitants, and has three or four hotels, twice as many drinking saloons—the curse of those regions—three churches, very fine public schools, a courthouse, and a weekly newspaper. Society at such a place is yet unformed. The inhabitants are more or less migratory, and a great number live in hotels or boarding-houses. Life in a Western hotel throws light upon many aspects of humanity. Persons of all nationalities and of all trades and professions gather together. Where they come from it is difficult to say. Here may be seen the doctor and the minister, the artist and house-painter, the bricklayer and joiner, the dry-goods man and grocer, the farmer and speculator, and, amongst many others, the gentleman at large, who is apt to borrow ten dollars and never pay them back. All these collect round the same board. The swell, in his pantaloons and surtout, the mason with his sleeves tucked up, ready for either stones or bread and butter. Yes! it was rather a surprise to find the above, with his sleeves tucked up, living in the largest hotel the place could boast of, quite at home and regardless of

everyone. Everybody is a gentleman out here, or at least thinks himself such. The fare is plain and substantial, and the waiting is performed by damsels from the Green Isle, who trip about as unlike fairies as possible. One afternoon, while staying there, we took a drive across the prairie. Leaving the Platte River behind, we gradually ascended from the bottom on to the table land. It was a curious sensation driving over the unbroken wilds—no trees, no fences, nothing but endless grassy plains. Continuing due north, we crossed a stream called Cedar Creek, bordered by a few stunted trees, and reached shortly after a divide or watershed. From here a good view of the surrounding country is obtained. Cedar Valley consists of a rich alluvial soil, and runs a long way through the prairie. Most of it is under cultivation, the fertility of the land drawing there the first settlers. Far away as the eye can reach are the wigwams of the Pawnees, who own a large reservation in this part. Around, freely dispersed among the stunted buffalo grass, are enormous sunflowers, otherwise termed the prairie-flower. In some places there is a perfect mass of yellow; at other points the rosin weed grows in large quantities. It is said that wherever it appears the land is of good quality. Returning, we met a farmer whose language soon betrayed his origin. "The soil can't be bate" was the answer to our first question. Sixteen years ago this Irishman, braving the dangers of a frontier life along with a few others, had pushed out thus far, and taken up two or three hundred acres of land; a log cabin, patched with lime, served for his habita-

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tion; two tables, a cupboard, four chairs, an American stove, and two beds were the furnishings of his dining-room, kitchen, and sitting-room; a small pantry and an upstairs garret composed his dwelling-house. One curtain is all the outside accommodation. In it stand his horses, his cows, his pigs, and his implements. This is an Irishman's shed, all holes and corners; still, he looked a most happy man. He owns his patch of 200 acres of fair good land, and supports his own family and two aged relatives. The latter fact said not a little for him. A well of pure cool water stood beside the house, and a drink of it out of a gourd was most refreshing. The crops were good. Indian corn planted a month previous was already 18 inches in height; 75 acres of wheat looked well; while his patch of potatoes was being destroyed as fast as the Colorado bug could demolish them. In addition to the land, he owned 200 cattle, which grazed upon the prairie summer and winter. He sells a cast each year. This was one of the few Irishmen we met who had raised himself above the position of drawing water and hewing wood. Still nearer our starting point our guide conducted us to a mud cottage. Do not imagine this such a hovel as might be found in Ireland or the Highlands of Scotland, but a nice comfortable house with two rooms. The walls and divisions are made of sods and plastered inside, while the roof is formed by thin deals and rough sods laid on the top of them. The above is not the worst dwelling in the world, and the expense is very little—somewhere about £3, besides the man's labour in making it. Our drive was a delightful one; a cool



breeze swept across the prairies, and dispelled the fierce heat of summer. The crops looked beautiful, and every one had a joyous look and kind word.

Not long after we left this region the wheat harvest was gathered. A short interval, and a cloud of grasshoppers rested in their flight upon those fair regions, and left not a green thing standing. Those farmers whose prospects looked so bright were swamped in a single day, and for a time at least serious distress was felt among a large class of those settlers who have made Nebraska their home. This is one of the difficulties—and a very serious one it is—that the inhabitants of those regions have to contend with, and, as a rule, emigrants have no spare cash laid aside for a rainy day. The result is, that most of those people whose prospects were so flourishing in June and July would have a hard ordeal to pass through during the winter months, and little to start with in the spring.



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### VIII.

#### The Gold Mines of Colorado.

**T**EN or twelve years ago, Denver, the capital of Colorado, was but a village of rough wooden cabins, containing about 3000 inhabitants. To build those houses, such as they are, lumber had to be brought from the Missouri river, a distance of 700 miles across the prairies, as well as most of the necessaries of life. At that time, also, western society was in a curious state. Might was pretty much the only right, and the revolver and bowie knife the judges between man and man. Murder was common, and robbery stalked openly through the streets. There was no law, no police, no religion, and little morality. To check this course of crime and ensure the life of respectable citizens, a secret committee was organised, who kept a sharp look-out upon the brothels and gambling hells, and the suspicious characters who infested them. Many a curious tale is told of the operations of this self-constituted court, who sat during the dead hours of the night, and not unfrequently a corpse swinging in the wind in the grey dawn of the morning was the only remnant of the criminal brought before them. Time wore on, and with it a railway found its

way, *via* the Smoky Hill Fork, to this point, and changed its aspect. The iron horse, as it came rolling into the town, turned confusion into order, and instituted the reign of law and justice. Denver is now a lovely city, with a population of 30,000 inhabitants. The streets are wide and spacious, and lined with costly stores and large hotels. But although every man carries his revolver—for its day is not yet past—still the stranger is free from being molested—that is to say, if he behaves himself in a proper manner. The question will not unnaturally arise—What has caused, first, this city to be here at all? Why did people continue to flock to such a notorious place? What brought a railway here through a country with no inhabitants but the red man, who neither cultivates corn nor wheat, nor raises stock of any description? The answer is simple, and found in one short word—Gold. Up among yon Rocky Mountains the precious ore is found. To this *El Dorado* men from all parts of the world hastened, regardless of expense or danger, braving the journey across the treeless plains, where water was scarce, and oftentimes mixed with alkaline salts, so that neither man nor beast could drink it and live. No matter about the difficulties, the Yankee, inquisitive and speculative, the impetuous Englishman, a few canny Scots, the calculating German, the irrepressible Frenchman, the dark, fiery Italian, the wily Jew, and the “heathen Chinese” all gathered here, and vied with each other in their race for gold. The above city, standing on the South Platte, about twelve miles from the base of the Rocky Mountains, became the depot for supplying the mining dis-

tracts. Taking the train from this point, we reach Golden City, at the base of the Mountains, which rises abruptly from the level plains, and at the entrance to Clear Creek Canon. Here we change carriages and enter the cars, which run upon a narrow guage railroad, the rails being laid  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet apart. Leaving the plains, we enter a canon or gorge, up which a road has been formed by blasting with nitro-glycerine and powder the rocks on one side of the stream, along whose banks the foot of man never trod till then. The *debris* was built into a bulwark or wall, on which the rails for the narrow guage road were laid. The gradient rises at the rate of 170 feet per mile, and up this steep way the small engine and diminutive cars proceed at the rate of nine or ten miles per hour. The scenery is the wildest we ever saw. Far above, the beetling rocks hang ominously over the little stranger and its living freight. At some spots the precipices rise perpendicularly up to a height of three or four hundred feet above the stream. Along the face great rents are seen running through the rocks, and some of the pieces do not appear too securely fixed. Where any soil has found a resting place pine and cedar trees drag out a bare existence. The spectacle is very impressive, and not easily forgotten. As we looked up to the rocks, at some places nearly closing overhead, an involuntary shudder passed over us, while the gloom of the afternoon cast a melancholy look over the scene, and damped our ardent spirits. In this sterile pass no living animal appears to have taken up its abode, save the human beings whose thirst for filthy lucre has brought them hither. The train runs

round sharp curves, while every fresh turn produces new pictures of wildness and desolation. A few feet below, the stream rushes wildly down the gorge over immense boulders, placed there by the operations of the engineers, or detached from the main body by the action of the weather, and which only make the waters rage more impetuously down their course. Near the top of the stream the canon widens into a valley, and the mountains become less rugged. Here begins regular habitation. A log or wood hut of the most miserable description—oftimes a pit dug in the hillside, and made into the shape of a house with sods—meets the eye. This is the dwelling of the gold-hunter, who works in the following manner:—A water-course is made parallel to the stream, from fifty to a hundred yards long. It is two feet wide and one foot in depth, and is enclosed on the sides by boards, while the bottom is also of wood, but notches are nailed on to it at short intervals. The waters of the creek being dammed, they are turned into this course. And it may be well to explain that, when the streams come rushing down the mountain sides, they bring with them a large quantity of sand, which contains particles of gold. Thus, as the waters flow through those narrow flume boxes, as they are termed, the sand, and more particularly the gold particles, rest behind the impediments placed to catch them. The water is turned into its natural course, and the sediment collected. The latter is washed and washed, till at last gold, pure and undefiled, is left as the workman's trouble. Men at this business, with reasonable luck, can earn from 20s. to 30s. per day. A colony of pig-tailed Celestials are

employed by a company at this process, and are said to be capital and industrious labourers. Towards evening, we reach the depot at Black Hawk, and from thence take a 'bus to the hotel situated in Central City, about one mile up the creek. Next day was spent in examining the mines and their surroundings.

In the year 1858, about ten years after the discovery of gold in California, the same precious metal was found amid the sandbanks of the South Platte River near to Denver. A pioneer, named Gregory, made his way over the mountains to the place where Central City now stands, and struck upon the lode named in his honour. A rush took place, Denver grew, and the top of Clear Creek received a population, who were content with very humble buildings. But the place has increased, and now, perched like eyries amid the rocks, stand hotels and boarding-houses, some schools, one or two churches, and large numbers of unseemly buildings, that cover the mouth of pits. A system of streets could not exist, and long stairs reach up to houses above from those below. There is a busy sound about the place. The tinkling of bells from the trains of mules that draw the waggons, the dull sound of the stamping mills, the excited looks of the passing crowd, betoken a stirring place. The mountains above are wild and sterile, no vegetation save a few stunted bushes, but, on the other hand, immense piles of rubbish at the shaft mouths and prospect holes freely interspersed over their sides, meet the eye of the stranger, while to the practised eye the precious streaks of rich mineral are visible.

There are two ways of finding gold—viz., "Placer" and "Lode" mining. The former of these methods is largely practised in California, and to some advantage in Colorado; but the latter, although requiring large capital, labour, and machinery, is found to be the most profitable in this district. The term "placer" is applied to those modes where gold is found amid sand in the rivers and streams, or lying in deposits amongst the same material in the gulches of the mountains. To this class of mining the descriptions of the method we have given above is applied. But the lode mining occupies the inhabitants of Central City for the most part. These lodes or veins run through the mountain from south-west to north-east, from 2 to 10 feet in width, are supposed to lie to a distance of 3000 feet below the surface, and are enclosed on each side by a wall of solid granite. The seams are distant from each other about fifty to one hundred yards, and are exactly parallel. The general way is to sink a shaft to some depth, as near the surface the ore is not of good quality, although what is brought to the surface generally pays the sinking. The best parts are selected, and the hauling up is performed by steam power. The Bobtail lode, which is the richest vein yet discovered, is reached by a tunnel run through the mountain side from the principal street, through which the ore is brought to light by small trucks and ponies, and thence conveyed to the factories by mules and large-sized wagons. The ore when brought out of the bowels of the earth resembles quartz, is of a light grey colour, and sparkles in the sun. The inexperienced at once

take the particles which flash back the solar rays to be gold, but not so; they are only pyrites. The gold is invisible. The real article is here, although unseen, but the difficulty is to extract it. Many processes are in operation, and fortune after fortune has been spent upon erecting factories, which now only stand as monuments of the mad folly that tempted their originators to build them. The *depot* at Black Hawk is one of those speculations which cost about 150,000 dollars, and ruined more than one party. Perhaps the simplest and most primitive of those modes is the stamping process. The raw material is thrown into a trough, and immense stampers allowed to fall on it, and grind it to pieces. Through the above a stream of water is allowed to run, carrying away the particles of sand, gold, &c., with it. The water runs over copper plates amalgamated with quicksilver. To these the gold, or part of it, sticks, while the sand runs away. When the water is stopped, the residue upon the copper is relieved from it by indiarubber sponges and quicksilver. It is then put into a small furnace. The silver evaporates, and the precious metal is left. It is calculated that at least 70 per cent. is thus obtained. The refuse which runs away is concentrated outside by a simple process, is heaped up, and left for another time, when some ingenious person may find out a process whereby to secure the remaining 30 per cent. without much trouble and expense. Good ore is too plentiful at present to think about working the poorer material. The most complete and successful process is to be seen at the Black Hawk Smelting Mills,



where all the richest of the ore is manufactured. The quartz is piled upon a small platform of wood, and set on fire. It burns easily, as the stone is largely charged with sulphur. It is therefore allowed to smoulder away of its own accord. It is then placed in a retort, and allowed to remain there for some time. It then goes through various processes of smelting and burning, till at last it is brought to the dividing room, where the different congruents are separated by the aid of chemicals. We regret that we are unable to explain the outs and ins of the above process; but the officials, although most courteous, do not care to enlighten strangers very fully. In this place some idea of the richness of the stone may be approximated, because it produces not only gold but silver, copper, iron, arsenic, vitriol, and sulphur. There are many other such mills working with indifferent success. The above is the only one that can claim to have prospered. The company who work it have made an enormous sum of money, and have placed the poor miner at a serious disadvantage, as they hold the reins in their hand. Why some other parties have not started one on the same principle is a mystery to our mind. When there, we met a body of capitalists who were thinking of erecting a mill as like the one above as possible. Gold ore is measured by the cord of 128 square feet. A cord is worth, in its raw state—that is, of average quality—from 100 to 150 dollars. Ore taken from the Bobtail or Gregory lodes may easily sell at 300 dollars for that quantity.

To show the wealth of this wild and sterile region,

it may be mentioned that on either side of the gold mines lie deposits of silver. Copper is also found in considerable quantities, and coal is plentiful on the plains round about Golden City, while six miles from Central are the famous Idaho Hot Soda Springs. There the soda water comes boiling out of the mountain side at a temperature of 110 degs. Fahrenheit. This is one of the most picturesque watering-places imaginable. Lying cradled among the rugged mountains, it has a delightful climate, and to it many a person far spent with consumption has come, and gone away as if brought back from the verge of the grave to renewed life.

It was indeed a strange scene at those mines. No more miserable picture of human depravity can be seen than there. Every one has the "yellow fever," and, infuriated with a terrible thirst for the filthy lucre, those men who inhabit yon regions are worse than savages. They make money fast, and it goes as rapidly. Far from any humanising influences, all the bad passions incident to mankind are fostered in their bosoms, and, what is worse, a man, however sober and industrious he may have been, catches the infection on his arrival there. Out among yon gulches of the Rocky Mountains, which nature has made so rich, men have gone mad, have turned the church into a dancing casino, the reading-room into a gambling hell. Up among yon mountains, more rugged than the Alps, where twenty years ago the foot of man scarce ever trod, the home of the grizzly and the resting-place of the eagle, there is one universal cry—

"Gold, gold, gold, gold!  
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,  
Molten, graven, hammer'd, rolled;  
Heavy to get and light to hold;  
Hoarded, battered, bought and sold,  
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;  
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old  
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;  
Price of many a crime untold;  
Gold, gold, gold, gold!"

All the while those mines have had a great influence upon agriculture. Previous to the discovery of gold in California in the year 1848, that fertile land, now so famous for its wheat, was lying untilled by the hand of man. Men, hungering and thirsting after riches, crossed the prairies, right over the Sierra Madre, and reached the object of their desire. So, ten years later, a rush took place to the above *El Dorado*. New countries were opened up. While gold was found, the immense agricultural resources of the great West and California were ascertained. "All is not gold that glitters," and those streams of men, eager for the fray, and brimful of expectation, found much tinsel and great disappointments in store for them, after wandering so far in search of the great god. They had no alternative but to settle down upon the nearest piece of land, and gain their living by a more certain, though slower and less exciting process. Thus, last summer it was calculated that 20,000 or 30,000 people were on their way to Denver and its neighbourhood in search of a fortune. The mines are already too crowded, and those people, being for the most part unable to return for want of means, will have to

*The Gold Mines of Colorado.* 71

settle down to the more peaceful employment of agriculture upon the plains of Colorado, Nebraska, or Kansas.



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## Emigration to the West.

**I**F there is one idea greater than another that takes hold of the traveller through America, it is the vastness, the immense scale upon which everything is made by Nature in that continent, and nowhere more so than in crossing the prairies, those immense plains that stretch from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains, from the Gulf Mexico to the regions of eternal snow. Here every clime is met with, from a tropical heat to a Polar cold. For the most part, the seasons are distinctly marked, and even in the Northern States and British North America the heat of summer is very great; while down as far South as Kansas the winter is intense and severe. Already we have described at some length the State of Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, and Colorado. These are but a portion of the immense tract of country designated by the general name of the Great West. But we believe they offer a fair example, and from them may be imagined the general aspect of the other States. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the richness and fertility of the soil. A person who has not travelled personally over the country can only approximate the immense agricultural

wealth that lies undeveloped in that region. Agriculture, as practised in those regions, is in a most unsatisfactory state, with a few exceptions. The original settlers are a poor class, who have a hard struggle to make ends meet, and, as a consequence, tax their land to the utmost. In such places as Illinois, it is nearly impossible to exhaust the soil. Land cropped with wheat for twenty years successively has improved year by year. But all the soil is not like the above, nor is the amount of bottom land very extensive, so that if the system is not changed, the very richest land in course of time must become unproductive if it is not fed; even the straw, instead of being turned into manure, is burned. Such a circumstance owes its existence to the fact that the farmers have not cash to buy stock, nor are they able to erect barns and curtains for the same reason. In passing through the Eastern and Southern States, it is found that the soil is very much exhausted, and the inhabitants are beginning to see the folly of not keeping stock to enrich their land. Another cause why farming is in such a rough and backward state is no doubt to be found in the men who are engaged in it. In first beginning to cultivate their homestead, necessity forces them to a certain course, and they appear to be content to follow it up; so that in the older settled parts there is little or no improvement upon the commencement, while there are few really practical men who make their living by the plough. As far as we could judge, few men who know anything about agriculture in this country follow it up on reaching the New World, while men of all trades and professions grasp at the grand idea of

being landlords. From this cause many failures are heard of among the emigrants who go west.

The Government of the States, by the policy it has followed, has more than realised its anticipations of settling the West. The famous Homestead Law holds out a glittering prize before the intending emigrant. But this was not enough. It was clearly seen that men might go to the prairie, take up their 160 acres, break it up, and cultivate it; but to what good, if the produce was of no value? Man cannot live on bread alone, and, although the settler might raise corn and meat enough to keep in life, money must be had to clothe him and meet sundry expenses. The great railway schemes were put in motion. The States and territories were surveyed and laid out into sections of 640 acres each. A company was organised. On condition that these parties would construct a railway through an almost uninhabited region, the Government contracted to grant such persons every other section of land for twenty miles on each side of the route. Thus, most of the lines that intersect Iowa have such grants. The Union Pacific has for sale over 12,000,000 of acres. The Kansas Pacific has also a large grant. The policy of giving the railway companies half of the land adjoining their lines was to get the country fairly settled, not to allow leviathan speculators either from England or the Eastern States to buy up enormous stretches of land, and deal them out at leisure. Outside the radius of the railway lands 160 acres is the Government grant, while within it 80 acres is the portion allowed to the emigrant free of all charge, except the registration and some

other small fees. The railway companies may sell as much as they like to one party, but the Government section can only be taken up by eight different persons, who are bound to a residence of five years. This clause is not very strictly enforced, and a man can easily make good his claim by constructing a mud hut, living there for two or three days annually, and sowing an acre or two of Indian corn or wheat. Thus, out west, every man, whatever his trade or profession, takes up a Government grant on his arrival. With such prospects, little wonder that thousands of men and women have hurried out to those broad prairies, burning with ambition and high hope, filled with the grand idea of a farm—a property to themselves such as a fabulous sum could not procure in the Old World. But how often have the glorious day-dreams vanished before the stern reality. The first years of a frontier life are perhaps the most trying that can well be imagined. To succeed, a man must be blest with indomitable perseverance, great endurance, and perfect sobriety; for among those wild districts not the least enemy to contend with is the demon whisky; and with all these qualities he may not succeed. What can the poor settlers of Nebraska, Kansas, Wisconsin, and Minnesota do when their crops have been totally destroyed by the grasshoppers or locusts? Or what will be the result of the fires which last fall swept across portions of the stock-raising regions? The grasshopper plague is a fearful calamity; most of the new settlements are subject to it, while as a country becomes more fully populated the scourge disappears. With such calami-



ties before their eyes, it would appear reasonable for men to halt before proceeding to the frontier and face such difficulties. Yet the stream goes on; and last summer, when trade got slow in the Eastern States, which is at present the manufacturing portion of the country, and people were thrown out of work, many came back to Europe, but not a few proceeded west to those regions where "free land for the landless" is found. Shorter hours and less work—a great idea among the labouring classes both at home and abroad—finds few advocates on yon homesteads. From sunrise to sunset is the stereotyped rule, with one hour for the midday meal; in fact, all through America, the agricultural labourer has both hard work and long hours. And not only has the emigrant to those western regions to contend with nature and harder work, but he is also subject to many snares. Land agents, and others of that class, oftentimes hold out glorious pictures—fortunes for a trifle, and such illusions—which not unfrequently turn out gross frauds. Men are brought with the expectation of seeing a perfect paradise, and only view a howling wilderness. No more pitiable picture can be seen than a homeless emigrant, with perchance a wife and family, and nothing to support them. It is a sad affair, and such cases are often met with. No man should ever venture into a new country without sufficient means to meet a rainy day. Money, also, is extremely difficult to obtain on any terms, for original settlers have not the reputation of being good payers, for the simple reason that they have not the wherewithal. Although cent. per cent.

is unknown, yet twenty or twenty-five per cent. is quite commonly paid for accommodation. A gentleman told us that he got the latter return for some capital he had lent a farmer. Our natural inquiry was to ascertain the means brought into play to extract such an enormous revenue. It appeared the bargain was executed in kind. The lender, instead of giving the borrower money, supplied him with twenty cows on condition that he returned him forty such animals at the end of four years. It was a novel plan, and caused us no little thought. But on further examination, we found it to be a common practice in the district. With these and many other difficulties to face, it is wonderful to see the happiness and contentment that reigns over all. Trials are soon forgot and a fresh start made. But it would be useless to hide such facts, and, notwithstanding their truth, it must be conceded that emigration to the west has, on the whole, been a great success, and that there the working man who is steady and industrious has a fair field and a good return for his abilities. We must not look at narrow consequences, but at broad results. We must consider that thirty years ago Illinois, and fifteen years ago Iowa and Missouri, were in the same condition as Kansas and Nebraska are at present. We conversed with men who had faced the first difficulties of settling in those parts; we enjoyed their hospitality, saw their comforts and easy independence, and came to the conclusion that, while a hard battle had been fought, a great victory had been won. No more independent class of people than the Illinois farmers can be imagined, and those of Iowa

are fast following in their footsteps. The more a country is populated, its prosperity increases. It is not the immediate gain an emigrant reaps ; it is the ultimate benefit that is his reward. Take, for example, an agricultural labourer who leaves his country at the age of forty, and has a moderate-sized family who can do a little for themselves. They go out west, and take up a homestead near a railway. The man will get his 80 acres. A house is built at little expense, and the land broken up and seeded. Their stock of money may be spent, but both the man and his family can procure something at least to do not far from home, because, as a rule, near the railroad routes some men farm on a larger scale than the emigrant. No doubt, he will have the difficulties enumerated above to contend with, but through patience and perseverance he conquers them, and at the end of ten or fifteen years his own property is not only keeping him, but probably the male members of his family also own and cultivate farms of their own. The question comes to be asked, What would have been the position of the man if he had remained at home ? The answer is not far to seek. We see every day among our aged and infirm farm-servants the problem solved. As in all other accomplishments, true progress lies more in the man than the means. Crossing the prairie one day, we struck up an acquaintance with an Irishman and a Scotchman, who in conversation turned out to have come West about the same time. A wild "body" the former proved to be. After some preliminary remarks, he began an oration upon the griefs of down-trodden Ireland, trodden down by the English,

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kept poor by the taxes, and all the old story so familiar to our ears from Irish lips. This man, who had left his native country thirty-three years ago, was as vehement as ever against the English rule. After this, he attacked the Protestant Church. Argument was useless. After he had finished, we ventured to ask him how much money he had made in his sojourn in the land of his adoption? "Not a cent.," was the reply, and forthwith he began to abuse America also. Now, mark the contrast. The Scot, a native of Auchtermuchty, had emigrated about the same time, had saved money, bought land fifteen years ago for 12s. per acre, which, with improvements, was now worth £8 or £10—a remarkable increase, but quite possible. We only quote this anecdote to show the dispositions of different men, and as an example of success and the opposite. Far be it from us to depreciate the one country and extol the other. It is admitted on all hands that Irishmen do not succeed well as emigrants. They are too excitable. Nor is the Scotchman the most successful. The Germans are the best settlers—in fact, they are by far the most superior citizens the Union possesses. Their great success upon the prairies lies in the fact that they emigrate in colonies. Union is strength, and the philosophical Germans band themselves together, and settle up a whole district, so that they are able to confront any intruders, and, at the same time, assist their poorer brethren. In this lies the true success of Western emigration.

Society in those western regions is as yet in an unsettled state, but life and property are quite safe and

sure. The people themselves are generally a rough-and-ready class; but it is a remarkable feature that in commencing a village, the school is the first building erected, while the church follows soon after. This speaks well for the dwellers in those regions. In visiting the State of Nebraska, nothing struck us so much as the provision made for the education of the young. By the Act which incorporated this State with the others of the Union every 18th section, or otherwise one-eighteenth part, of the whole lands of the State were appropriated for educational purposes. The schools at Omaha, the principal town of Nebraska, are upon a large and enlightened scale. The High School is a noble edifice, where education of the highest class is provided. Those in the villages and country districts are far in advance of the population. The originators of this great scheme must have had in their minds the well-known lines—

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,  
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring."

They must also have known that a nation's greatness consists not in the present, but in the generations yet unborn; that the mind is the measure of the man, not the amount of manual labour he can perform with his hands. When necessity is the mother of invention, when steam and water power, and all kinds of machinery, have to supply the place of human hands, is it not the greatest benefit that can be conferred on a country to give her sons and daughters an education that will do them credit in any station of life, and help

them, with the use of a logical mind, to plan and contrive every action of their daily life? It has been urged by many who are enemies to emigration, among other objections, that the social advantages of the people the settlers had to rise and grow up with were humble. In that opinion we partially concurred, but the mist has been removed from our eyes on this subject. The education of the young, which at the bottom is the great society-former, is not only equal, but is in advance of the old country. We may have, and no doubt we have, finer institutions for our higher and wealthier classes; but give us a well disciplined and liberally educated middle and lower class, for those are the stamina of a country's back-bone. It is those classes that rule a country's destinies, and it is well they should be taught in their infancy the way they are expected to follow.

On the great subject of stock-raising, which properly should be included in our article, we do not enter. Our time was too short to judge of its merits so minutely and correctly as to give a positive opinion. Of its advantages and disadvantages we are convinced in our own mind, but it would be a dangerous subject to offer many suggestions upon, having only spent a week in the great stock-raising regions of Nebraska and Colorado. Some parties have gone out to those wide and extensive plains, spent a fortnight or three weeks, and then, coming home, offer the wildest suggestions, and have oftentimes stated as facts what have turned out to be entirely untrue. Men such as these may be possessed of wonderful insight. This danger we wish to

avoid; and therefore, rather than mislead a single person, leave without remark a subject so wide, and one that requires actual experience before it can be written upon.



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### Ontario.

**B**RITISH NORTH AMERICA has an area of 3,500,000 square miles, the United States contains in round numbers 3,000,000, while the continent of Europe is about 3,700,000. Our colony is a big place in most senses of the word. It lies in the region of the temperate zone, and both its soil and climate are adapted to wheat and grass growing. Of this immense tract we only traversed the above province, and that in a cursory and imperfect manner. Ontario is the most populous and, at the present moment, the richest part of the Dominion. The 43d degree of latitude runs through the south part, and as it is nearly surrounded by the immense lakes Ontario, Huron, and Superior, it has a capital climate in many ways. The general aspect of the country is pleasing to the eye. On leaving the western prairies, with their far-stretching and treeless plains, the traveller, on entering Canada, meets a finely-wooded country, undulating, yet with not the semblance of a hill, while pure streams meander through the forest ocean, which is diversified with clearings and neat homesteads. The blackened stumps, standing amidst corn and hay



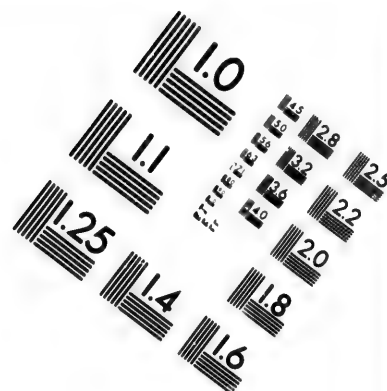
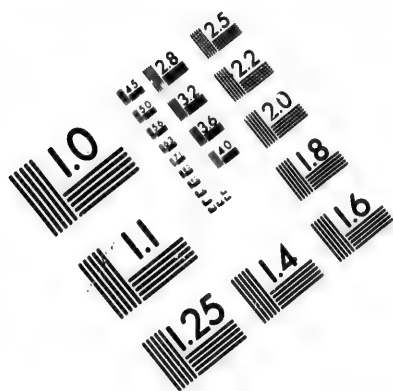
fields, look strange, and the fences, constructed of tree roots after they have been extracted from the soil, are stranger still to the old country traveller.

We entered Canada during the still hours of night, and on our first glance from the platform of the Pullman car early one morning, while yet the sun was low in the eastern horizon, imagination carried us back to Virginia. There were the glorious forests; the trees were larger and more stately; small rivers and murmuring streams ran slowly through the thick woodlands, and were soon lost to view. The soil is not unlike that of the late slave-raising State, being mostly of a light, friable description, but it bore evident traces of a more skilful class of agriculturists. Yet it did not come up to our expectations, and certainly the crops were far below our anticipations. The wheat had a sickly look, while oats and pease were fair and generally healthy-looking. The pastures were stocked with well-bred cattle, mostly cows, and not unfrequently sheep met the eye—a sight always pleasing to a Scottish agriculturist. Towns and villages had a healthy, business-like look about them. Well laid out, clean, and comfortable, with an air of great solidity, are their distinctive features, and further acquaintance justified in a marked degree first impressions. At some parts the country has quite a cleared appearance, and it is then that the traveller sees the real strength of this thriving province. The homesteads of the farmers convey at a glance to the practised eye the wealth of the population. Southern Ontario—for it is of that part we speak in this paper—is blessed with perhaps the most indus-

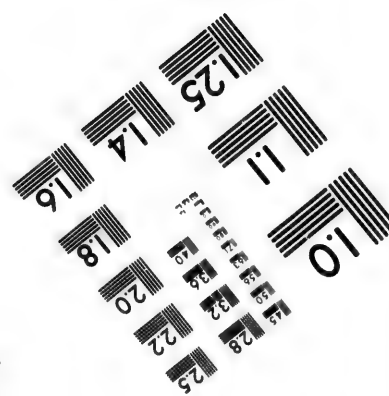
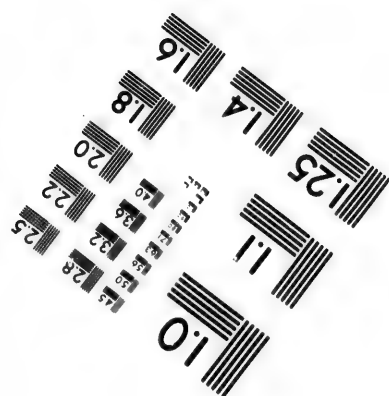
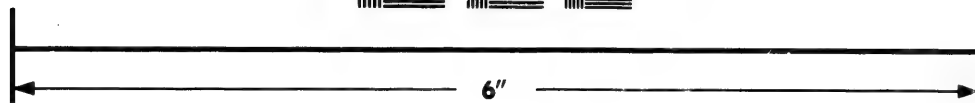
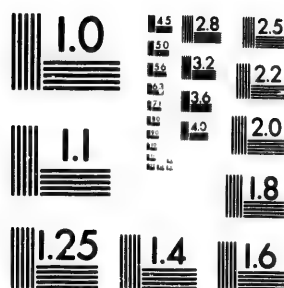
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trious, frugal, and honest class of farmers that can be well imagined, and perhaps, next to the dwellers upon the rich prairie of Illinois, they are the most independent and well-doing class of men we met in the New World. The houses are substantially built, oftentimes of stone and lime; the out-houses, always of wood, are large, commodious, and well planned; the fields are well fenced and carefully cultivated; while the garden—a home for all vegetables and pleasant fruits—gets its due and proper attention. There the rose, the glorious flower of old England, luxuriates in a most remarkable manner, and fills many a well-stocked garden with a fragrant perfume. The grape forms frequently a trellis over the porch, and apple orchards can only be termed miniature forests, so extensive is their culture. We have mentioned that our first glimpse of this country reminded us of Virginia. In some respects they are much alike. The soil, the forests, the brooks, and the general landscape of each agree in many particulars, but the mode of agriculture, the buildings, and more especially the people, are totally different. Perhaps nowhere on the American continent do you find so many useless characters, much given to that *otium cum dignitate* which begets no money, who swear at large, and pay noisy devotion to the Bacchanalian god, as in the former. Even on the western prairie, where life is gained by a harder race after the world and its vanities, there are a considerable number of that class of men, best designated by the general term loafer, who, in fact, try to gain a livelihood by all means but the true and honest way of hard work and a just re-

ward. In Canada such are happily nearly unknown. You meet there a people in many respects like the Scotch—a broad-chested, open-faced, and intellectual class of men, possessing much of that common sense and caution so peculiar to the inhabitants of the mother country. Scotland may claim Canada as her own peculiar child. There are rising up a hardy race of people, who, fighting with a stern climate, appear to thrive all the more on account of its severity. By them a country possessed of many drawbacks has been turned to very great usefulness, for not only are they agriculturally a great people, but commercially, in proportion to the population, they stand higher than any other nation. A steady, unflagging zeal pervades the whole people. No spasmodic efforts mark their course, but gradual and sure wrestling up the path of greatness with an ultimate success and victory. They are emphatically a people who do not stick at trifles, and, to use a common phrase, know well how to “knock doors out of windows.” With all their prudence, caution, and industry, contentment and happiness mark the whole nation. It contains few grumblers. Social life swims smoothly on, while religion has a proper place in the minds of all. Drinking, the bane of old Scotland, has partially, and perhaps more than the Canadians are willing to admit, found its place among their customs, but praiseworthy efforts are being directed against this source of evil.

No doubt, much of the country's well-being is due to its splendid system of Government. Here there is liberty, true individual freedom, a Legislature compara-

tively pure, one that curbs the strong and fosters the weak. No country in the world has attained such a perfect system of justice. The State is trammelled by no ecclesiastical disputes; but it watches with a fatherly care the education of the young, its commercial interests, as well as the advancement of agriculture. In this latter respect our rulers at home might take a lesson, and deal out in a fair-handed manner justice to the farmer community. This article does not admit of an explanation of Canadian politics: suffice it to say that its members of Parliament are chosen by all respectable citizens, and that they work truly for the country's good.

In the climate the prosperity of Canada has its greatest enemy. A generous summer of seven or eight months, followed by a stern and severe winter of four or five, makes up the year. It is a remarkable instance of a hunger and a burst. Like the snake, who, after a vigorous search, surrounds his prey, and, devouring it, lies down to sleep; so the Canadian farmer has a never-ceasing fight through the summer, followed by a quiet dosing winter, when hard elements close up with an iron grip the face of nature. The working man glories in fine warm weather, luxuriates in big wages, and then relapses into a low state of spirits with the appearance of winter's snowy coat. Many men laugh at this circumstance, and make light of it; but we met too many parties well able to judge, men who made their living by the sweat of their brow, mechanics, farmers, or others, who could tell a sad tale of the effects of a Canadian winter. No doubt, much can be



done during the winter months, but with all that traffic and all manner of works are stopped by its oppressive foot. The climate has its effect upon the race of people, and as in the Old World the temperate zone produces the conquering nations of the earth, so in Canada there is found the hardest, most prolific, and indomitable people of the New World.

As we have said above, agriculture practised here is far advanced. Rough, no doubt, as it looks to the old country farmer, Southern Ontario is kept like a garden in comparison to the other parts of the Dominion, and most parts of the United States. The nature of the people helps the system, and thoroughness is a distinctive feature in all their operations. The days of backwood life have nearly passed away, when wheat was the universal rule, because it was the only cereal that would pay. Straw, instead of being burned, is turned into valuable dung, and the advantage of artificial manures is becoming impressed upon the mind. Necessity forces this plan upon the farmers, for the soil of Canada, in a general way, will not stand severe cropping. It is most susceptible of kind treatment, and gives back tenfold the money expended on it.

The crops most generally cultivated are Indian corn, wheat, oats, and pease, while a large breadth of hay is annually cut. Purely arable farming is most in vogue, but fruit farms occupy no mean space of ground. Of late years cattle-rearing and feeding, cheese-making, and such like industries, have been largely followed. Stock-farming is receiving much attention from the farmers of Canada, and as far as cattle

are concerned, their efforts have been most successful. The severe climate does not suit sheep so well, and as yet little trouble has been taken with them. Most people were surprised at the dimensions of Mr. Brown's leviathan herd at Bow Park, and some went so far as to doubt the possibility of collecting above 300 first-class shorthorns, with herd-book pedigrees, in the short space of five years. To those unbelievers we say, take a trip across to Canada, and see for yourselves what the energy of Canadian farmers can do for themselves; for not only can a lesson be reaped from such places as Bow Park, but from many others, such as the immense fruit farms and cheese factories that abound in Southern Ontario—the garden of British North America, as far as that immense continent is opened up to agricultural enterprise. Our eyes were opened in many ways while across the Atlantic; but, speaking from an agricultural point of view, we were most surprised, first, by the rich fertile prairie lands of Illinois, and, second, by the splendid herd of shorthorns at Bow Park—a sight worth travelling many miles to see.



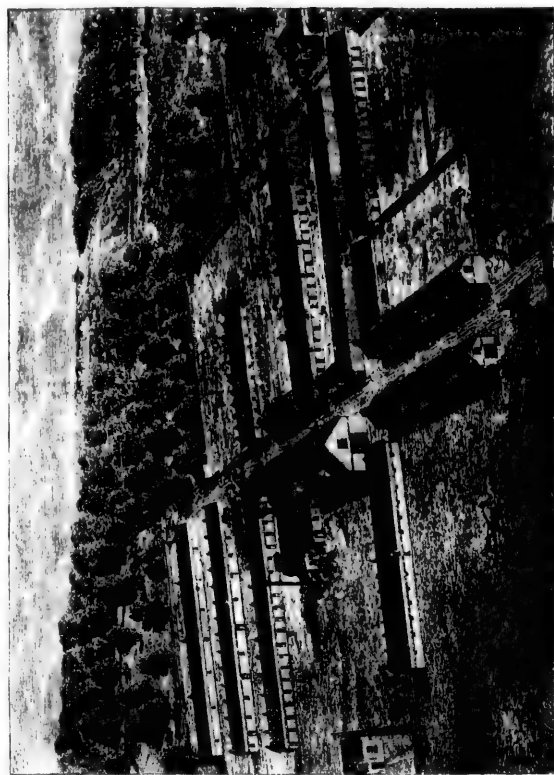
**Bow Park.**

**I**T was our pleasure to spend a few days with the Hon. George Brown at his farm, and it may not be uninteresting to give a detailed description of this interesting place.

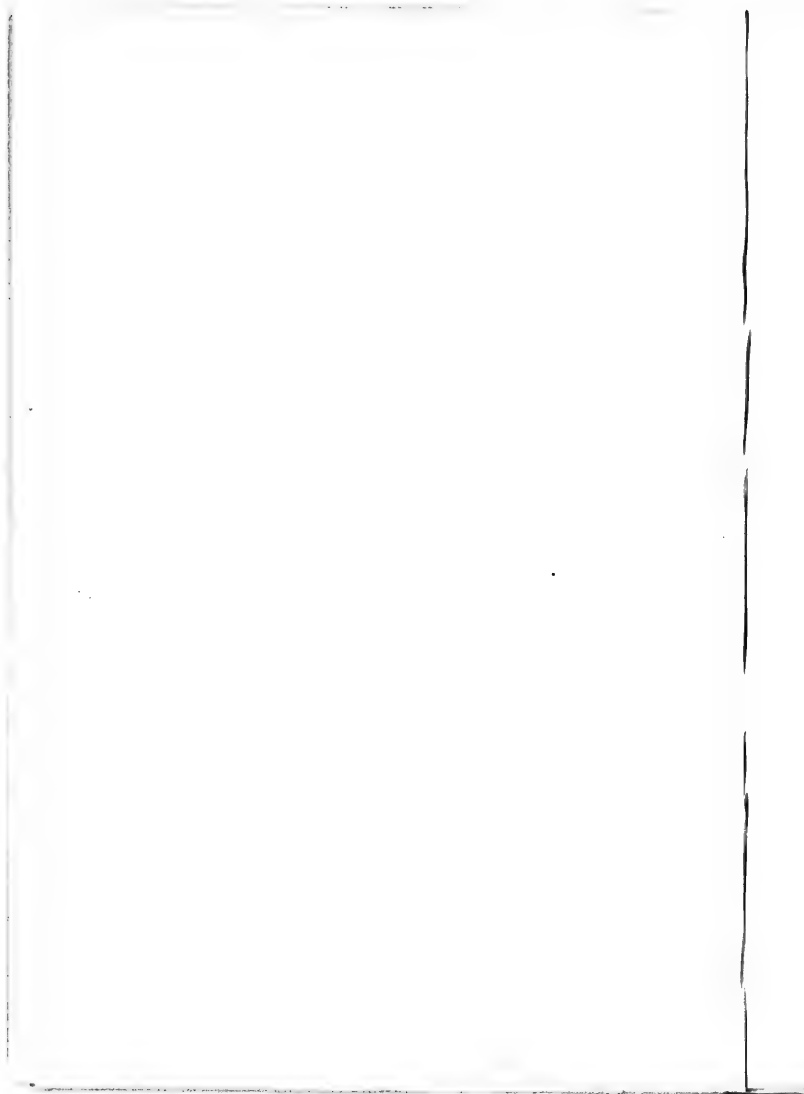
Bow Park farm lies in the heart of the western peninsula of the Province of Ontario, in the very garden of Canada. It consists of 900 acres of the most fertile soil, mostly alluvial deposit, with the Grand River, a noble stream, almost surrounding it. Nearly 800 acres are arable, in the highest state of cultivation, and the balance is in ornamental timber, beautifully interspersed over the estate—too much so for our ideas of Scotch farming—but if it retards the plough at certain intervals, it adds elegance and good shelter. Brantford, a flourishing and rapidly increasing town of 10,000 inhabitants, is but three miles distant, and the Great Western and Grand Trunk Railways have both stations in close proximity. The river is navigable up to the farm, and by this route manures are laid down upon the land at any point for a nominal sum. At the same time, a capital macadamised road traverses the farm, and direct communication is made between the

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FARM BUILDINGS, BOW PARK, ONTARIO. C.W.



farm buildings and every field. The enclosures are large and squarely laid out, well fenced and watered, and sheltered on one side or other by a strip of wood, while throughout enormous trees have been left standing for ornament. As stated before, the soil is mostly alluvial deposit from the Grand River. On the higher lands, there is a considerable portion of sandy soil resting on a clay subsoil, well adapted for cultivating Indian corn and wheat. Magnificent crops of mangolds, beets, and turnips are raised on the bottom or low lands.

At present the farm is entirely devoted to the rearing of thorough-bred shorthorns, long wool sheep, and Berkshire hogs, for which it is admirably adapted. The farm buildings have been erected specially for the business carried on, and are very complete and extensive. They are all of wood, but put up in the most substantial style, with careful regard to ventilation, drainage, and economy of labour. The great barn is 220 feet long, by 48 feet wide, and 45 feet high; underneath is a root cellar, the full size of the building and 8 feet high, with concrete floor, and capable of holding 20,000 bushels of turnips, mangolds, and carrots, which are annually stored in November for winter consumption. A building is attached at the centre, on the west side of the barn, 60 feet by 30 feet, with cutting, grinding, and steaming machinery, and a 20-horse boiler and steam-engine to drive it, to pulp turnips, cut firewood, pump up water, &c., &c. The stable is 180 feet by 20, with 24 stalls, and a large hay-loft above. The cart and implement shed is 200 feet by 24 feet

wide, with a granary above the entire length of the building. The sheep-house is 350 feet long by 20 feet wide, and the hay-loft occupies the whole of the second storey.

The soiling system is strictly adhered to, and the cows suckle their calves. There are three great short-horn houses for their calves and heifers, each of them 270 feet long by 34 feet wide. Up the centre runs a passage 8 feet wide, and on each side a row of boxes, 10 feet by 12 feet each. There is an outside door to each box, opening into a yard the full length of the building, about 100 feet wide, into which the cows and their calves are allowed for two or three hours daily in fine weather. The bull-house is 270 feet long by 20 feet wide, with a passage up one side, and the remainder divided into boxes, with a yard to each box and a door leading into it. The calving-house is 80 feet by 20. The calf-house is 200 feet by 24, with a passage up the centre, and boxes on each side for the calves when they are taken from their dams. The hog-house is 170 feet by 24, with a passage up the centre, and pens along the sides for 100 Berkshires. The hogs have the liberty to go into a yard where plenty of water is constantly at hand, so that they can wallow in the mire as much as they please in warm weather. There are at present about 220 thorough-bred shorthorn cows and heifers, and over 60 bulls, with registered pedigrees, besides some very fine grade stock and milch cows. There are also 60 Cotswold sheep of a fair class, 50 as fine Berkshires as ever stood on four legs; and about 30 mares and horses, all young, and of a good

average class. All the stock was in capital condition, very sweet, nicely groomed, well fed, but not over fat, except the pigs, which are enormous.

The wonderful health of these animals is almost incredible; but still it is fact, that since the commencement of the herd, five years ago, only three cows have died from disease, and one bull, who, however, was unwell before he came home.

Foot-and-mouth disease, pleuro-pneumonia, and other ills so common to our English herds, are absolutely unknown here, and may it long continue so. Among the shorthorns are scores of magnificent animals that might stand up in any show-yard of either Great Britain or the United States, and we give this impression not as our own alone, but also as the opinion of Mr. Page, the celebrated auctioneer, at the great sale at New York Mills last fall, and who is one of the most acute judges in the world, as well as being a most correct painter and sketcher of animals. Many, indeed, of the imported animals have been prize-takers in the highest competition fields of Great Britain and the United States.

The published catalogue of the shorthorns on the estate is a volume of 260 pages, with the pedigrees in full length of each animal, as well as a short history of the sires as far back as the 12th or 14th in many cases; and in the list will be found Booth's and Bate's pedigrees of the highest character. Among the former are found Mantalinas, Madrigals, Frills, Phillises, Fames, Princess Royals, Genevas, Placedas, Waterloo Plumes, Mr. Torr's G tribe, Mr. Booth's Bellona



tribe, &c. ; and among the latter are fine specimens of the Barrington, Roan Duchess, Mazurka, Craggs, Blanche, Lady Welbourn, Sanspareil, Cambridge, Rose of Sharon, Cambridge Rose, Isabella, Towneley, Butterfly, Sidonia, Rosamond, Duchess of York, and other much-prized families. It would be impossible to characterise the breeding stock ; suffice it to say, that the young heifers are very elegant and shapely, especially a red roan Mazurka heifer of the greatest quality. The first bull on the catalogue, King of the Ocean, is an animal of extraordinary quality, has a noble carriage, is a fine toucher, carries his beef well, and as for his back ribs they are perfection, but his head and horn are rather coarse. His stock on the heifer side are unequalled, but his bulls slightly retain the coarse head. King Richard (26523), a Booth bull, is the sire of this animal. Lord Barrington, now un-serviceable through an accident, got by Duke of Brailes (23723) ; Duke of Barrington 4th, got by 9th Duke of Geneva (28391) ; Imperial Cæsar, got by Royal Broughton (27352), and bred by Hugh Aylmer, Norfolk, England, are among the few imported bulls at Bow Park, and from these British readers can judge of the purity of the stock as regards pedigree. The herd has not yet been five years in existence, but it is already the largest and most valuable on this continent. The surplus stock is mostly disposed of at half-yearly sales by auction on the farm to purchasers from all parts of Canada and the States. As yet only bulls have been sold, as Mr. Brown has been working up his herd, although the prices have rapidly increased

with the gradual improvement and the extended knowledge of the herd's merits.

With the exception of two or three hours' run daily in a yard or paddock in fine weather, all the short-horns are kept systematically in their several boxes. They are fed five times each day, and watered once in winter and twice in summer; each animal is well groomed each day. The food is all cut or ground, and in winter steamed. It is distributed by one man from a low, large box-cart, drawn by a horse up the centre of each house, and the water is supplied from a barrel in the same manner. One man is able to look after thirty animals, and do everything that is necessary. We suggested to Mr. Brown a railway for carrying the food, but on account of the hard frosts in winter this is impracticable, as well as introducing water by pipes into each box.

The supply of green food commences in the spring with winter rye in the first week of May, which lasts usually for five weeks or thereby. This is followed by oats, peas, and tares, drilled together, on the first possible movement of spring, which furnishes a very large supply of succulent food from the middle of June to the middle of August. As soon as the rye is cleared off the earth is again ploughed, and Indian corn planted in drills of 27 or 30 inches apart, five or six grains being dropped every 15 inches, which grows most luxuriantly, and takes the place of the tares and peas. This corn, which is called the Ohio Buck-Tooth, grows to the enormous height of 12 or 14 feet, and as much as 36 tons of rich succulent green fodder

has been cut from one acre of it at Bow Park. The cattle, we are told, eat this ravenously, and it is the sole green food until winter sets in, when it is chopped up with pea straw and hay, and steamed, along with 2 lbs. of Indian meal to each animal. Two feeds of this mixture, a small feed of pulped turnips, and about 5 lbs. dry meal and linseed cake are the daily food of the full-grown animals. It takes about 5 tons of chopped food to serve the 300 animals. All those rules of feeding are carried out to the letter, so as to keep the animals in a healthy state and in proper condition.

In like manner to the rye-land, the tares are followed by a second crop of Indian corn, and even the first cuttings of the Indian corn have been followed in favourable seasons by catch crops of rape and yellow turnips. From the 1st of May to the 20th July, the day on which we write, or nearly twelve weeks, the entire herd at Bow Park has been fed from 23 acres of green rye and under 30 acres of beans, oats, and tares. On the land from which the rye was cut, the second crops of Indian corn and Hungarian grass are already well advanced and healthy looking. Of course, to crop any land in this manner requires liberal manuring; and Mr. Brown has found out that the kinder he is to his soil he gets the greater increase. The cattle make a very large quantity of farmyard manure, and he buys annually a large quantity of straw from his neighbours at about 8s. per ton of 2000 lbs. This is found to be the cheapest manure that he can apply, and is the great foundation of every crop. Fifty tons of gypsum, de-

livered by boat at 16s. per ton, and superphosphates are also used. About seventy tons of linseed cake are also consumed; but Indian corn is again found to be the cheapest artificial food, as large quantities are annually raised upon this farm. The variety raised for grain is the Canadian or yellow corn.

The labour employed upon this farm is necessarily large. About thirty-five men and boys in summer and twenty-two in winter are employed. They are kept mostly in boarding-houses, and fed just about as well as at the "big ha'." They receive about £35 in hard cash. Some women are also employed, and receive about 2s. per day, and find their own food. Our own wages will compare favourably with these, as clothes are much dearer here than in Great Britain. The only advantage is that they are better fed than they would be at home. They work ten hours per day—the general custom in the country being for farm servants to begin at sunrise and labour till the sun goes down o'er the western forest. Will it pay? is the great important question now to be asked. Without going into figures or a long explanation, we answer in the affirmative; at the same time, we attribute the profitableness of the place to Mr. Brown's ability more than anything else, and the wonderful selection he has made of animals, some of great value having been bought very cheap. On the other hand, it depends much upon the price of shorthorns for the next few years. If they keep at the present prices, there is no doubt a mine of wealth at Bow Park.

Enough, we think, has been said about the hard

statistics of the farm, and quite sufficient to give readers an idea of this model farm, which, we maintain, is the best college a student of agriculture can attend, where he can both live and learn. And, in conclusion, let us give a short description of an afternoon spent at the Indian farm, which is situated on the west side of the property. It is a romantic spot, clad in its native garments, for the unholy axe has never touched it since Mr. Brown bought it from its Indian proprietors. Mrs. Brown, a sister of the Nelsons, whose name is a household word all over Scotland, and who herself is one of the most accomplished and pleasant ladies we have met in America, along with the family, accompanied us; also, a Mrs. Ball, a sister of Mr. Brown's, well known for her good deeds in Canada. Leaving the carriage, we entered an oak copse of great luxuriance, and it was no easy matter for the ladies to penetrate it. From that we passed down into a glen, but here an ox path made the way more easy. We made acquaintance with the mosquitoes at this point, and they kept us in action, ourselves as strangers getting a special benefit. Wandering through this wooded glen, luxuriant with bushes and fragrant with perfume from a thousand odoriferous plants, we find ourselves upon a glade from which the hay has just been led away. It is a little paradise: around it is a perfect labyrinth of bushes. The graceful sumac fills up many a space, and all is interwoven by vine plants of great growth, which are covered with bunches of grapes now a good size. At intervals the wild plum, cherry, and apple stud the fence. All is left as Nature made it. Below

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runs the river Grand, deep, slow, and muddy, but hid from our eyes by a perfect network of vine trellis hanging upon the oak, walnut, and cotton wood trees. Many such glades as this are found; the peeps through from one to the other are very attractive. There is a peculiar softness about this sylvan scene. It is evening, and all Nature is alive. The song of birds and the graceful motion of the squirrel add much to the works of Nature; while the ethereal sky, calm, serene, and tinged with the glow of the retiring sun, added a glory to our walk that summer's eve. The merry laugh of children rings through the wood, which not long ago re-echoed the fierce whoop of the Red Indian, and it reminds us of many a happy day spent in youth on the banks of the silver Tweed with its beautiful wooded landscape. Such is an imperfect picture of the farm and the home life of the Hon. George Brown, the proprietor of the *Toronto Globe*, and the first man in Canada as a politician, journalist, and, may we add, agriculturist.



L. of C.

## Ontario.

**S**T. CATHERINE'S is a beautiful town, pleasantly situated upon the Welland Canal, distant some ten miles from the Falls of Niagara. It has been termed the "Saratoga" of Canada, and is famous for its springs, supposed to contain all the healing attributes of Siloam's Pool. It is also a business place, and is the centre of an important agricultural district. Here we get a glimpse of Canadian farming as practised in the peninsula lying betwixt Lakes Erie and Ontario, whose broad and expansive waters make the extremes of winter and summer more temperate than in other parts of the Dominion. By a strange coincidence, which it is unnecessary to relate, we had made the acquaintance of a most respectable citizen of the above town, and in company with him saw much and gained no little information. He was originally a native of Oldhamstocks, East Lothian. His father was a small farmer and miller near that spot, paying a yearly rental of £52, 10s. to a landlord who shall be nameless. Being an ardent reformer, he voted for the Liberal candidate in 1832. This enraged the landed potentate so much that he took all manners and means

to hurt his tenant, who, however, by his lease, was entitled to sublet the farm, which he did in 1837. Three years before the expiry of his tack he sailed for America, and after a most tempestuous voyage, and a long time spent upon the canals, he and his family reached Canada, where they thrived and did well. Our friend was one of those jovial, industrious Scotchmen so often met with in quiet-going places, who, unlike the rolling stone, gather much fog in the shape of gear, and we suspect the mouse will not often leave the meal chest of such with a tear in its eye. In fact, this was a man of no mean attainments, with a considerable deal of common sense, and a vast amount of Scottish humour, a blacksmith to trade, now a mill-owner and a large grain dealer. One afternoon we drove for some distance alongside the Welland Canal, which connects Lakes Erie and Ontario. They were making part of it new and enlarging the remainder, so as to allow ships drawing 12 feet of water to proceed the whole way from Chicago to Quebec. This is a great work, and is expected to cost about 15,000,000 dols. Our companion, along with three others, had a section to make, and was in hopes of reaping some gain. Labourers on this canal were receiving 5s. a-day. A man with two horses and a waggon was paid 13s. for his services. Those rates were below the general average, owing to the depression of trade throughout the States last summer, which caused a considerable quantity of labourers to come across to Canada. From here we drove past Port Dalhousie, which is situated at the mouth of the canal, on the Lake Ontario side.



Here our friend owns a very complete flouring mill. Leaving this spot, we went to see a fruit farm, with an orchard of 45 acres, containing above 2000 apple trees. They are planted in lines equi-distant in every way, and each of them on maturity is expected to yield five barrels, worth about 6s. per barrel. In planting an orchard very frequently a peach tree is introduced betwixt the apples. Being of a rapid growth, it bears well for a year or two, so that when the apples are sufficiently strong it is cut down, and is of no further use. The varieties mostly planted in this neighbourhood are the Baldwin, the Spitzenberg, and the Rhode Island Greening. No pruning is required, and the labour is thus small. Seldom upon this peninsula is a crop missed, but sometimes apples have been so plentiful and of so little value that the pigs have been let loose in the orchard to consume the falling produce. On this farm, along with trees, were seen some good wheat and oats, and about the whole place there existed an air of ease and comfort. Through all this district fruit-growing is much practised by the inhabitants, and pays very well. The following afternoon we drove down to another farm situated on the shores of Ontario, and spent the night. The place was 225 acres in extent, and divided by rail fences into four equal enclosures, three of which were cropped with hay and one with wheat. The latter would average 25 bushels per acre. The hay was calculated about 150 stones to the acre, valued at £3 per ton of 2000 lbs., which is a large price, considering the labour employed—one man and three boys, with a little help at busy seasons, do

the work. The hay land is only once cut, the second crop being allowed to die down and manure the land. The boys employed were sent from England, and were happy and contented with their lot. Most of the class sent out have been saved from a life of crime and vice, and exported to Canada to gain their livelihood amid its forests and virgin lands. The system has succeeded well, and some of the country's best farmers and citizens have arisen from among these poor lads, who find a genial home and a good example amid the Canadian farmers. Land in this region is very valuable, ranging from £10 to £20 per acre; most of the land is entirely free from stumps, but on each farm there is generally found a piece of virgin forest, which is of considerable value.

Within less than a week after having visited the town of Toronto, with its fine harbour, magnificent University, and generous inhabitants, and having stayed three days at Bow Park, we arrived one bright forenoon at Ingersoll, a town situated upon the line of the Great Western Railway. Canadians associate Ingersoll with cheese, and here may be seen hundreds of the factories for producing that valuable article. It is a nice little town of three or four thousand inhabitants, depending for its trade upon a district entirely given up to agriculture. Here we met by chance one of three brothers who had gone from the Kelso district as poor men, but at the present moment rank among the wealthiest and most respected citizens of the district; in fact, their father was for many years a servant to the writer's grandfather. With him we had a look at

the surrounding district and cheese factories. Co-operation among farmers is demonstrated to be of great and mutual advantage in the making of cheese. A farmer in a central position erects a factory. To this point the neighbours send their milk, or the manufacturer sends for it. The first place of business we visited, 1,100 pounds of cheese is made per day. The milk, which generally arrives night and morning, is weighed by a patent machine, and from thence run by a spout into a cistern 10 feet long, 3 feet broad, and 16 inches deep. After this is filled, it is heated from below by steam, and raised to a temperature of 82 degs. The rennet is then added, and forms the curd. Then the temperature is raised to 98 degs., after which it is allowed to cool till it gets sufficiently acid. In warm weather from three to five hours is sufficient for it to remain in the tanks. In colder seasons it sometimes remains much longer. The whey is run off into another cistern, and is used for pig feeding as required. The custom in this respect is, that if a farmer drives his milk to the factory, he gets his whey home with him; while, if the manufacturer sends for the milk, he keeps the whey as payment for driving. The dry curd is then removed to a large box, and there worked up, salted, and at last placed in boxes ready for pressing. Before this operation, a muslin cloth is placed round it. After pressing, the top of the cheese is smeared with a thin coat of butter, a substance made from the skimmings of the whey. It is placed in a drying house, and before being sent away is put into a small box made of thin pieces of wood. Cheddar

cheese is made on a slightly different principle. The whey is taken from the curd while it is yet sweet. Being exposed to atmosphere, the acid is allowed to form on the dry curd, which is ground down into small particles and then pressed.

It is calculated that 10 lbs. of milk forms 1 lb. of cheese. This article is worth, on an average, 12 cents. per lb. The manufacturer receives 2 cents. as commission for making it, so that for every 10 lbs. of milk a farmer sends to the factory, he receives 10 cents., or about one-halfpenny for every pound of milk. This is considered a capital price, and pays the producer and the manufacturer well. The system is upon a sound basis. The farmer's milk is most correctly weighed upon its arrival, and the amount marked into a book. At the end of the season, the manufacturer sells his stock of cheese at the highest possible price, deducts his charge for making, and then divides the money among his supporters on the data that every 10 lbs. of milk produces a pound of good cheese. It is found that the above quantity of milk produces rather more than the pound, so that the owner of the factory has a slight balance in his favour over and above his commission. This style of doing business is a good proof of what co-operation can do if judiciously managed. The Canadian holdings are generally small, and cheese-making at each separate farm would be a round-about and laborious process. Under the above system, it is reduced to a cheap and effectual method of money-making. It is also of immense value to agriculture by the manner in which it enriches the land. Under the

old *regime* of no stock and constant cropping the land was greatly impoverished, and although virgin soil can stand much, yet it is possible to tax it too severely. By this system of dairy farming, manure is made upon a cheap style, while the pasture lands are much improved. Slowly but surely the Canadian farmers are realising the value of artificial manures. It is a necessity with them, and there is no class of men who will so readily follow up the idea when it fairly fills their mind. In a country like Canada, where every farmer owns his land, there will be little fear of avaricious landlords getting the better of improving tenants. There every man will reap the benefit of his own energy. In driving through the country the crops do not look large to the eye of an old country farmer. The wheat crop is inferior. Pease and oats are a large crop, while hay is also good. The houses are neat and well built, with good furnishing. The out-houses are not extensive, and are put up in a temporary manner. The gardens appear to receive much attention, and vegetables of all kinds, along with various fruits, grow very luxuriantly. There is a look of easy independence and contentment; and as we entered Ingersoll towards evening, it made one imagine what "sweet Auburn" must have been in its balmy days. The neat villas on the outskirts of the town, the broad streets, shaded by the dark green foliage of graceful trees, the elegant churches o'ertopped with modest spires; then in the centre the large stores well stocked with goods, the rattle of the street cars, the toll of the locomotive's bell, all betokened signs of activity and prosperity.

Next morning, at six o'clock, we left Ingersoll, and proceeded to Woodstock, a sister town upon the same railroad, about the same dimensions, but not so picturesque. Some breakfast was obtained in the principal hotel, a pretty rough shop, and an hour was spent in a place which appeared to serve as an office, luggage-room, bar-room, and sitting-room. A constant stream of people flowed out and in towards the bar, and swallowed eye-openers, cock-tails, and mint juleps, and went their way without a word. The day was spent in driving round the neighbourhood. The heat was very great; the Canadian sun had no mercy; and even with the shelter of the buggy's leather top the perspiration poured from us, although clad in light summer garments. In this district the roads are good, the country undulating more than usual, and intersected with clear streams; the soil is rich and well farmed, while the clumps of virgin forest add beauty and diversity to the landscape. It was more like an old country scene than any we met, only the woodlands were more extensive and grander. The houses of the farmers are in many cases stately mansions surrounded by orchards and grassy lawns, oftentimes a croquet green. Towards midday we stopped at one of these and got a hospitable reception, for Canadian farmers are unequalled in this line, and give you what they have without remark or apology. There is no indelicacy in stepping in upon them unawares. You are welcome to what is before them. Take it or want it. Here our lines had fallen in pleasant places. A fine drive through evergreens leads up to the front. Round

the house is a verandah, over which luxuriant vines creep, and while bearing good fruit, add a pleasant shade, which is much needed in this hot climate. Inside the furnishings were complete, and would compare favourably with any old country house of the first rank. Two or three hours were pleasantly spent; for the owner was a Scotchman, who, leaving his native county of Ayrshire fourteen years ago, had settled here, and was a most enthusiastic admirer of his adopted land. He was a shrewd man, and had gathered gear, like most of his brethren. Another stage brought us to a house of less pretensions, yet quite as hospitable was the entertainment, and in as free and easy a manner. The farm buildings are also good, consisting in general of a large barn, a stable, byre, and some small courts. Canadian farmers thrash their grain in the field by a travelling machine, convey the produce straight to the *depot*, carting the straw either into the barn, or leaving it in the field until it is needed. The appearance and utility of the farms are much impaired by the small irregular fields they are divided into, and it is to be hoped, as the fences are not permanent, being mostly of split rails, that this fault will be remedied in time, and that large square enclosures will be the rule. The absence of labourers' cottages is a remarkable fact. No doubt, an answer is found, so far, in the fact that very few married men with families are employed upon farms, as they prefer to take up a lot for themselves, either by buying or renting a piece of ground, or proceeding to the backwoods and claiming a free grant. Yet it must be said that whatever the other advantages

the agricultural labourer reaps in Canada, he has to put up with greatly inferior accommodation, and work much longer hours under a severe and trying climate, than in the old country. From sunrise to sunset, under a broiling sun, or with thermometer standing at zero, is not an improvement upon the hours at home. Wages at £1 per week, with board, is no doubt above our rates; but it must be remembered that the price of clothes and other materials are at least 50 per cent. above home prices. Even calculating the wages at that rate, which is far above the sum paid at Bow Park, the model farm (£35 per annum, with board, being the rate there), we do not hesitate to affirm that at least our Border agricultural servants would change for the worse, considering the high rates now paid here. The emigration of English farm labourers is a move in the right direction, taking away a surplus population, and stirring up a class of slovenly and careless farmers; but there is little fear at the present moment of either the States or Canada drawing upon our supplies as long as we keep pace with the times, and allow our wages to be regulated by the natural laws of supply and demand.

The country through all this section is of the very first quality, and the crops were better than most other districts, especially oats and spring wheat. Hay was fair, and was being cut during our visit on the 14th of July. Dairy farming is coming generally into operation, and at every turn we saw large tins full of milk upon stances near the wayside ready to be lifted by the cheese manufacturer's cart as it went its afternoon



rounds. In fact, this system is becoming very general throughout Canada, as cheese is very dear, and growing daily a more popular food. The climate and many other circumstances are very favourable to its production. Land is valued from £10 to £12 per acre in this region, and, at the price, is not unworthy of the attention of the Scottish agriculturist who, with a few thousands, has a good opening, and we venture to say will make more than at home upon an average-sized farm—at least, our friend from the land of Burns made no secret of his success by changing to the New World. The society of Canada is of a high order; it is perhaps not so polished, but, as far as we were able to judge, intellectually it is above that of our own country.



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XIII.

The Backwoods.

**N**ORTHWARDS from the city of Toronto about 150 miles is situated the region known as Muskoka, which has lately been devoted by the Government of the Dominion to encouraging immigration. Here may be seen a specimen of the free grant lands of Ontario ; and thither, on the morning of the 18th of July, we directed our steps, accompanied by the Hon. Arch. Mackellar, Minister of Agriculture for the above province. The Northern Railway proceeds from Toronto through rather a wild and poorly cultivated country to Lake Simcoe, a beautiful sheet of water, on whose shores stands the town of Barrie, a thriving place, owing much of its importance to the lumber trade. Leaving this spot, we pass over a bridge that crosses a canal connecting Lakes Simcoe and Couchiching. Soon after we pass through the Indian settlement of Rama, where some degenerate red-skins dwell in peace ; and here we enter the backwoods proper, those vast forests that stretch away for hundreds of miles northwards, never interrupted except where some lake or river intervenes. As the train slowly and not very steadily runs through the woods,

the traveller notices the damage done by the fires that oftentimes sweep through the forest, leaving the blackened branchless trunks as the sole monuments of its remorseless power. At Washago the terminus of the road is reached. We leave the cars and take the stage to Gravenhurst, situated at the foot of Lake Muskoka. The road is good, considering that five or six years ago there was but an Indian trail to mark the path. Along most of the route a tremendous fire has raged at some recent date, and little else is seen but rocks and boulders, leafless trees intermingled with brush, and at some intervals productive pieces of land, but such are few and far between. At one point the scenery is taking, as the stage passes through a deep rocky glen, whose sides are covered with creeping plants and overtopped with immense pines. It is a wild country hereabouts, and utterly valueless for agricultural purposes, although here and there a clearing has been made, evidently to little purpose, as many of the places seem deserted. This part of the road is only fourteen miles, and, after three hours' hard work, the Lake of Muskoka is reached. Close by a wooden pier stands a house for the use of immigrants. There were two Norwegian families in it when we saw it, and they looked comfortably well. Immigrants, when they first arrive, get the use of this abode before they fix upon a location. They get the use of the place, but provide their own food. Embarking on board the neat steamer Nipissing, she steams away from the wharf up the Lake of Muskoka, a picturesque sheet of water, studded with rocky islands of all shapes and sizes,

wooded to the water's edge with pine and cedar trees. It was evening, and the scene was exquisite. The water is so calm, and sends back, clear as the original, the fleecy clouds that seem suspended in the blue azure sky of heaven; then it reflects the dark green trees that fringe the water's edge. This lake is not unlike some of our Scotch ones; it has more islands, but it wants the glorious mountains that rise majestically from the sides of the Scottish lochs. If it had a Ben Lomond or Schiehallion to rear their heads far above it, the landscape would be unequalled; yet it is in some respects a fairy place, and especially at a spot some ten miles from our starting point, where we enter the river Muskoka, a dark, deep stream, guarded by dense forests on each side. Many a sudden curve is here; and as the steamboat winds her way slowly up the stream, fresh pictures meet the eye at every turn. It is a romantic sail up that stream, and brings to mind many a story of Indian warfare and trapper life. It seems as if that beautiful verse taken from "The Graves of a Household" had been penned in such a spot as this—

"One 'mid the forests of the west  
By a dark stream is laid,  
The Indian knows his place of rest,  
Far in the cedar shade."

The traveller is enchanted with the scene, and ere he is aware of it the steamer has turned round a sharper corner than usual, and floats up to a wharf near to the town of Bracebridge, and just below a series of falls. The river rushes wildly over the rocks, and empties itself into a broad expansive pool. Jumping into a waggon provided for us, we took a drive through the

town and out some distance into the country while the boat was discharging some cargo. Bracebridge is the largest town of the Muskoka district, and contained last census 916 inhabitants. It bears many marks of newness. Its houses are all of wood, being rather scattered and roughly built. Yet if we remember correctly, it supports either two or three weekly papers, along with lots of stores and grog shops. Outside the town we saw land being cleared and made ready for cropping. It was of good quality. At one point were the remains of an old beaver dam, long since deserted by those industrious animals, who flee from civilisation faster even than the Redskin. But they had made a barrier across the stream, and through ages that are long past, the sand that comes down with the water at each freshet has been stopped by this impediment, and now there is left a fine level meadow consisting of rich alluvial deposit. Lucky is the man in those regions who possesses such a piece of land. But the captain's whistle was sounding impatiently, so, hurrying back, we get aboard, and steam away down towards the lake. The evening falls, and by moonlight we thread the intricate way up the lake to Port Carling, when, passing through a short canal with a loch in it, we enter Lake Rosseau, a lake similar to Muskoka, at the top of which stands a hotel, kept by a genius called Pratt, a sort of Yankee-Canadian—if such a hybrid can exist—but a capital landlord, and ready for any emergency. At twelve o'clock this point is reached, and after some scheming on mine host's part, the guests are accommodated with beds in the hotel, which is lathed

but not plastered, and requires little artificial ventilation.

On the Sunday we took advantage of a sail in the steamer down Lake Rosseau, and from thence up Lake Joseph, to deliver the mails and land a party upon one of the numerous islands that stud the latter lake. During the evening after our arrival, a sermon was preached in the hotel by a minister who had been camping in the neighbourhood. Early the following morning we left for Parry Sound, a lumber station situated on the shores of Georgian Bay. A waggon, drawn by a pair of horses, serves for a stage coach, mail cart, and other purposes, such as carrying flour, salt, and tobacco to the inhabitants on the way-side. The road, a Government one, runs through the forest as straight as a perfect labyrinth of picturesque lakes will allow it. Those sheets of water are seldom of great size, on the average about a square mile, but they lend a diversity to the scenery, and are famous places for fishing and duck shooting. The road itself is, without doubt, the worst we ever travelled over, what with rocks and boulders, miry places, and corduroy. The latter expression may, no doubt, puzzle the reader. In passing through a morass or spongy piece of ground, the Canadians, instead of macadamising it, cut down small trees and lay them close together, so that vehicles may pass over in safety. This is, no doubt, easy work for the road contractors, but pity the poor travellers over it. The waggon, generally without springs, goes jolting along, giving those unaccustomed to such travelling rather a painful sensation. To add to the sufferings of the journey in

this respect, the sun, nearly direct overhead, sent down its powerful rays, while not a breath of air disturbed the close atmosphere. The mosquitoes in myriads buzzed about, and gave us the full benefit of their company. On either side of the route at short intervals are small clearings, consisting of two-thirds soil and one-third rock, and dotted thickly with blackened stumps. The soil at no point is very deep. Close by the roadside stands the home of the settler, generally a log shanty, in some cases a frame-house of good dimensions. Entering several of those abodes, they vary much with the circumstances of the owner. Some are clean and well kept, others dirty and squalid; but, as a rule, they possess a certain degree of comfort. The ground already cleared has not a favourable appearance, and there is little to show for the labour spent. The first point a settler aims at on taking up his free grant is to build a log shanty. And here it may be explained that every head of a family having children under eighteen years of age can obtain a section of land extending to 200 acres, and any person over eighteen years of age, but with no family, can obtain 100 acres, on condition of settlement. These lands are protected from seizure for debt incurred before taking possession, and for twenty years afterwards. These are, no doubt, very favourable terms. To proceed, the house being erected, a condition upon which the land is held, the settler next clears away all the brushwood and undergrowth, which is gathered into heaps. The trees are then felled, and this part of the business being generally done in winter, when the snow lies deep upon the

ground, a stump of three or four feet is left. The trunks are stripped of their branches, which are also heaped. When dry weather comes these are burned. The logs, if not disposed of for lumber purposes—a rare circumstance, except on the banks of a stream—are next gathered together. The neighbours assist at this operation, and “logging bees” are great days in the backwoods—something like the sheep-shearing times in the pastoral districts of Scotland. The trees are also burned. The land is now clear except the stumps, which are the bugbears of those new-cleared farms. Oats are generally scattered among them, and harrowed in by oxen without grubbing or ploughing. Those animals are preferable to horses or mules for rough work, as they are more docile, pull steadier, and require less food, or, at least, food of an inferior description. Grass seeds are also sown. The first year’s crop is generally a good one. Hay, consisting of Timothy and red clover, is cut for five or six years in succession, or even longer, till the stumps can be extracted. If the trees have been hardwood, the roots are easily taken out; but if they have been pine, they are difficult to get out. After this operation the land is ready for the plough. Altogether, it is a great expense clearing forest land; and, as far as we could judge from our limited experience, it will leave little remuneration in Muskoka. The southern part of Ontario is a garden in many respects. When the land was cleared there, a deep good soil was the reward of the bone and sinew spent on felling and clearing away the trees and stumps. The northern part is wild and



barren. Rocks and stones may do for the tourist, but not for the agriculturist. The lumber trade at present gives employment to a large number of hands. Not only are many needed for the mills, the felling and hauling of trees, but much food is required for both man and beast. In this way a capital market is found for the oats and hay produced. But the lumber cannot last for ever. When the inhabitants have no exterior help to depend upon, it will be a hard struggle to keep life in among those wild regions. For English or Scotchmen it will not suit. Irishmen may thrive better; but the men to succeed there are Norwegians, Icelanders, and such like—people who have come from a poor district and been accustomed to a simple and frugal style of living. Such a class of immigrants the Canadian Government are wisely encouraging to settle. The lakes are a most providential circumstance, supplying any amount of fish. Fruit of various kinds also grows in great quantities.

Towards three o'clock, after eight hours' jolting in the waggon, and having travelled a distance of twenty-four miles, we reached Parry Sound, a sweet village opposite to an island of the same name, which is now possessed and inhabited by the Ojibeways, a quiet, peaceable tribe of Indians, who, along with their land, receive a bounty from the Government. In the evening we sailed over the narrow strait to their abodes. The first wigwams visited were placed upon an islet romantically situated betwixt the mainland and the larger island.

As we landed, the stolid Indian smoked his pipe,

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the squaw worked industriously at her moccassin, the children scarce appeared to heed us, although at times their curiosity appeared to overcome them. The only creatures visibly affected were two young bears, who clambered up the nearest trees, and looked on at a safe distance with silent admiration, or, perchance, disgust; a huge fire of pine branches blazed forth in front of the chief wigwam, and lit up the whole scene with a weird, strange light. The waters of the lake gently laved the shore, while ever and anon a birch canoe skimmed along the water at a rapid rate. Those Redskins are a mysterious people, and difficult to understand; but they were civil and kind, and, through an interpreter, we had a long harangue with some of the tribe. In their way they are big gentlemen, and love an idle life. Here they dwell in peace. The Canadian Indian is not such a noble-looking man as those who inhabit the prairie, but they enjoy peace and justice. The Dominion Government have tried to preserve the race, while their neighbour's policy has been to extirpate and demoralise their red brethren.

Our intention was to leave Parry Sound next morning by steamer; but, as it was not expected for three or four days, there was no remedy but to retrace our steps. So we commenced our return journey in the blessed waggon over the corduroy. The monotony of the ride was only marked by intenser heat and a more vigorous onslaught on the part of the mosquitoes. On Wednesday we embarked once more on board the steamer, and, threading our way amidst the numerous islands, which looked more beautiful than ever in the

morning sun, every tree glistening with dew, we reached the foot of Lake Muskoka. Thence, taking the stage to Washago late that evening, we stood once more in our hotel at Toronto. Much of the pleasure of our trip was due to our companion. He was a gentleman of great acuteness and versatility, with an immense fund of anecdote. The weary hours upon the rough-set waggon were beguiled with many a story of back-wood life. In fact, he was full of humour, mixed with keen sarcasm, which, no doubt, adds much to his immense popularity. It was also a very instructive journey. It gave an old-countryman an insight into the nature of the trials undergone by the original settlers in Canada. What a work must have been performed to clear first the trees and then the stumps from the land. The person who goes to Canada in the hope of shorter hours and less labour falls into a deep mistake. It is emphatically a country not adapted to idlers; but while its lands are not so rich, it appears to give birth to a most energetic class of men. In conclusion, it may be mentioned that the school system in those Free Grant Districts is very perfect, and perhaps nowhere in our travels did we see so many children to take advantage of the education provided all but free of expense.



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XIV.

The Public Schools of St. Louis.

**I**N Great Britain the necessity of a proper school system has begun to dawn upon the people. Our statesmen are realising the fact that education on a liberal scale must be provided for the lower classes, who, day by day, are gaining ground in our country, and promise ere long to take the lead in ruling its destinies. In America this great fact was foreseen by its early inhabitants. They saw that a country's prosperity lay in the manner in which the youth were prepared for their future life, and now it is an idea fixed into the mind of the nation, that however rude and uncultivated a parent may be, he sends his children to school, with the hope that at a future day they may rise above the position of their sire. In St. Louis an example of a nearly perfect school system is to be found. At this point people of all nations are to be found, something like ten different languages being spoken by the inhabitants. To unite this Babel into one mass is a difficult task. To mould all these people, or rather their descendants, into one community, requires some thought and generalship. A remedy of an easy nature is found in the Public Schools, where the English language is taught. Having nationalised the

system of education, the next object was to provide sufficient accommodation and teaching for the rapidly-increasing population. That this has been attempted and accomplished in a most satisfactory style we can answer for. We visited one of the Public Schools, and it may be as well to explain that there are three grades. In the first place, the Normal for the education of those who intend making teaching their profession; second, High schools for pupils who continue their studies further than the third class—namely, the District Schools—of which we intend principally to speak. Every citizen's child is entitled to education in these seminaries free of charge, the only expense being the provision of school books. The education provided is of a high class, being more inclined to the practical than the theoretical. It rests on a basis like the following:—

Reading and Writing—the mastery of letters.

Arithmetic—the mastery of numbers.

Geography—the mastery over place.

Grammar—the mastery over the word.

History—the mastery over time.

All grades of society send their children to be taught here. There are some people who object to this mixing of classes—the high and the low. No doubt, there are many private schools where a different system is followed. Those can only be patronised by the rich; but, as a rule, sensible people are content with the Free Schools. A great feature, and one on which much stress is laid, is the fact that boys and girls are taught together. They sit in the same school-room, and receive the same lessons. We mention such a circumstance

because the same course is not followed throughout the whole States. But it is nearly general out west, where the system of public education is founded upon a more enlightened basis. The superintendent of the St. Louis schools, in his report, argues at some length that the moral tone is more healthy, and that it is a more natural order of things to have co-education of the sexes than a separation. A Board of Directors, elected by the population, manage the affairs, and the funds are provided by taxation, interest from property, and Government grants. The Laclede National School, which we inspected, is a fair sample of the above. It is situated in a poor part of the city, where the population is densely packed, and consists principally of Germans. The children were clean, healthy, and cheerful looking, and in a perfect state of discipline. It was play hour when we arrived, and we saw them pass into school from the ground. This school, which is on the same plan as about a dozen others, is a square building, three storeys high, and on each floor are situated four rooms of the same size, 27 feet broad by 32 feet long, and 14 feet in height; also, necessary closets for hats and cloaks. The large rooms are lighted by four windows each, two in the back part of the room and two at the side; whilst the teacher's desk is placed against the inside wall, so that the pupils do not face the light. In the second and third storeys, the rooms on each side of the central passage are divided by sliding doors, and thus they can be made into one large hall for such exercises as singing. In winter-time the rooms are heated by pipes, and in summer the greatest attention

is paid to ventilation. Altogether, as a building, this is a model school, and can accommodate about 700 children. Twelve teachers are employed, one for each room, and these are supervised by a principal. The above are all females, or rather ladies, at least their looks and manners would entitle them to be called such, and another reason, every woman out west considers herself a lady, and would resent any other name; but we mean that those teachers would be considered such in Great Britain, where society is marked by various and wide lines of demarcation. It is believed that members of the weaker sex are the most proficient teachers, and there are many reasons for this. Women, as a rule, are of a quick perception, and have a deeper insight into human nature than men; and they have more influence over the young mind, especially over boys, who oftentimes fear a single glance from their eye more than the lash of a schoolmaster; at least, it is a fact that through all America they are employed not only largely in the schools, but also in many of the other public departments. The discipline and thorough order we witnessed, at any rate, proved the efficacy of woman's rule in the Laclede School, with its noble-looking principal and intelligent staff of assistants. The salaries paid may be mentioned to enlighten the natives of this country:—

Principal	...	...	£400 per annum.
1 Assistant	...	...	150 "
2 Do.	...	...	280 "
2 Do.	...	...	240 "
6 Do.	...	...	660 "
1 Do.	...	...	100 "
13			£1830

It thus cost about £2 12s. per year for teaching alone, not counting the other expenses incident to a school, such as interest on money invested, expenses of management, and other items, which will cost nearly as much, and raise the total for each pupil to about £5 per head. There are grades of teachers, as will be seen from the above list, and it is a fact worthy of notice that to the two junior classes the best teachers are allotted, the third highest teacher takes the senior class, and so on downwards. In this case the labourers are worthy of their hire.

The great idea here is to get, in the first place, strict discipline, not by the rod, but by gentler means; and in the second, to have the children thoroughly grounded in spelling, and to have a perfect knowledge of the English language. If those habits are once attained by scholars, they can accomplish most other tasks afterwards. We found children of seven years old spelling the most difficult words in the English language. A thorough system is kept up. Children have twelve rooms to go through, and it takes about seven years before they reach this point. Generally, at the age of fourteen they are considered perfect, as far as national education is concerned. After this they can enter upon a wider field of study in the Normal or High Schools.

The attendance upon the Public Schools is large, and is daily increasing. Six years ago 17,000 pupils were enrolled; at present about 40,000 are in attendance, which is a most remarkable increase. About 800 teachers are on the staff. These are the numbers for



the year ending in 1873, and during 1874 the progress would be in the same ratio as in those bygone. As stated above, the average cost to the city for educating each pupil is £5, and the average salary to every teacher, male and female, high or low, is about £150, nearly equal to the amount paid our ministers of the gospel.

Education here, while embracing all the useful branches of learning, and notably excluding in its primary courses the dead languages, is purely unsectarian—no Bible, no religion—those weighty matters are left to the parents, the ministers, and the noble array of good Samaritans, who make the Sunday Schools of America one of its wonders; but, on the other hand, morality of the strictest kind is engendered in every young mind, whether they be Jews or Gentiles, Lutherans or Roman Catholics. It is admitted on all hands that a proper education is one of the foundations upon which a country should rest. In our country the general belief is that religious education should accompany the secular duties. "Give us the Bible," exclaimed some of our wiseacres while electing boards to take charge of our lately nationalised schools, "and we are sure to have an improvement throughout the country." But we might ask, What has been the result of this system of religious teaching in our Parochial Schools since the days of John Knox? Has it improved the moral tone, the religious sentiment, of our people, and more especially of our country population? Has it not, instead of that, removed the responsibility from off the shoulders of the proper parties, the

parents and the ministers, whose duty it is to look after the spiritual welfare of the community. Those dwellers upon the Mississippi, away upon the western prairies, saw the error of such a policy, and while they organised a proper tuition for the young, as regards religion, they escaped those conflicts which are apt to arise on such subjects in a mixed community. The State does not provide an Established Church ; the schools are hampered by no religious differences. It is this fact that makes those schools so popular, and brings all classes to their doors. Religion belongs to the sphere of the heart, of the spirit, and the less generally said about it the better. Different people have different opinions. They do not ask one man to pay for the support of a doctrine he does not believe ; in fact, one which he looks at with contempt. Morality, the mainstay of social life, can exist without parading religion.

In conclusion, the schools of America are one of its wonders. Some of our stiff-necked School Boards and rebellious schoolmasters would do well to take a lesson out of their book. They do not mean strife, but education upon a simple, enlightened, and thorough system.



# Niagara Falls.

**I**N the forenoon of the 1st of July, we reached St. Catherine's, a beautiful watering place situated on the Welland Canal, and some ten miles distant from the world-renowned Falls, and took up our quarters in a first-class hotel, kept by a gentleman who has relations in the Kelso district, and knows it well. It was a holiday, an annual one, held in commemoration of the confederation of all the separate provinces of British North America into a grand and glorious dominion—a scheme planned and perfected through the ability and indomitable perseverance of the Hon. George Brown. Circumstances detained us a day at this place, and, having nothing in particular to do through the afternoon, we sauntered down to a public park to see the games and other performances. The "Highland fling" and the "sword dance" were being performed as we entered the place. Then came throwing the caber, and all manner of Scotch games, till at last we imagined ourselves about Blair Athole instead of standing upon Canadian soil. It was one of the pleasantest afternoons we ever passed, and we left much delighted with the loyal feeling that appears

to dwell among the people. Scotland may look upon Canada as her own peculiar child. The hardy sons of the mountains are her greatest citizens, and have made her commercially the greatest country in the world in proportion to the population.

Next forenoon we started for Suspension Bridge Depôt, a station situated about two miles below the famous cataract upon the Canadian side. No sooner landed from the train, and being dressed in knickerbockers (evidently a style of dress not common in those parts), than the omnipresent 'bus and cab men salute us—"Take you cheap, sir." "Only a dollar to the Falls, my lord," exclaims a slick Yankee Jehu. It was in vain to tell them we could exist for two miles upon our own pair; they evidently meant business, and stuck with the pertinacity of an Italian beggar to their suite. At last they dropped off, and went back to salute the next unfortunate wanderer. Five hundred yards up the side, and just at the first bend of the river, we got alongside of an old Scotch gentleman, who turned out to be a native of Dumfries, and who, although he had lived for thirty years within one hundred miles of Niagara, had never yet visited it. Talking away, as if we had known each other for twenty years, we proceeded slowly up the high road which runs along the brink of the mighty stream. At this spot, and, in fact, for a number of miles after it leaves the Falls, the river flows through a narrow pass, the waters being of a light blue colour, with streaks of foam all over their bosom. The sides of this ravine, if it can be so called, are very steep and abrupt, rising to the height of 300 feet from the

river-side. This narrow gulph is spanned at the depôt by a railway suspension bridge, also adapted for passenger traffic, and about half a mile below the Falls by a carriage and foot-bridge of the same character, and of great beauty in an architectural point of view. It was standing near the latter we realised the magnificence of the great scene. In the fore-ground were the Falls, the rushing rapids, and the dark green woods along the banks of the river and Goat Island. Some cynics had drummed into our minds that Niagara was a delusion, a mere hallucination, ranted upon by brain-stricken tourists. With these ideas in our head, we came in the full expectation of being disappointed. But when the beauty of the surrounding scene, the rush of mighty waters, the deafening noise, the clouds of spray that rose into the air between us and the sun, the gorgeous rainbows that spanned across the Falls, came up before the eye and scattered to the wind the pictures of our fancy, it was then that we confessed in our own mind that the Niagara of reality was greater than that of the imagination. No one can gather at first glance the splendour of such a scene. There is something so fascinating that the eye rests upon the object it first catches for a considerable time. So we caught at first the American Fall, and there we feasted our sight till the eye was satiated. Then it followed round by the wood-fringed brink of Goat Island to the Canadian Fall, the famous Horse-Shoe, and then burst upon the traveller the real glory of the scene, as the waters came wildly, like the waves of a tempest-tossed ocean, and were hurled with tremendous fury over the precipice

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into the fathomless gulph below, and as the spray rose  
cloud after cloud into the warm air of the Canadian  
summer, turned into a thousand diamonds by the  
rays of the bright sun, we felt that no picture of  
this great sight can be overdrawn. There are many  
scenes of great beauty, from the heather hills of the  
Scottish Highlands, with their picturesque lakes, to the  
rugged Alps; from the Rocky Mountains, with their  
eternal snow, to the Rhine, classic with castles and  
romantic with many a heroic legend; but is there  
another Niagara? No! Standing upon yon bridge,  
and gazing upon yon rolling waters, the tourist looks  
upon the greatest water-fall in the wide, wide world.

That afternoon we went back to St Catherine's, re-  
turning to the Falls the next evening, and took up our  
abode at the Clifton House—a large and rather anti-  
quated hotel, situated upon the Canadian side, and com-  
manding from its windows a very fine view of the  
whole scene. After tea, we wandered down a steep  
path to the place where the ferry boat starts for the  
American side, and then away up the river side amid  
rocks, boulders, and bushes to the foot of the great  
fall. Here the banks, which consist of immense stones,  
with trees, shrubs, and flowers of the most beautiful  
description freely interspersed among them, ascend with  
a steep incline for some distance; then suddenly they  
rise perpendicularly to a distance of 100 feet, at some  
places hanging dangerously over the adventurous pedes-  
trian who clammers over the pathway below. Those  
cliffs are of a curious formation, being in some places  
of hard rocks, among which the remnants of a former

world are distinguished by the fossils that are embedded therein. Spar and other stones are also picked up, from which small trinkets are made, and vended at fabulous prices to passers by. Petrified moss is also plentiful, and with diligent search fine specimens can be obtained. Among those cliffs grow plants of all kinds, such as the grape, honeysuckle, and a curious species of ivy. It was a dark, dull night, and we stood looking upon the foaming waters as they fell with a cannon sound, sending up one continuous cloud of spray. They have an awe-inspiring feeling, and their grandeur grows upon the gazer. It was a fitting time to moralise—to look back on the great past, and try to pierce the brooding darkness of futurity. But ever and anon the strange sound brought the thoughts back to the mighty work before us—the emblem of a great eternity, the proof of a mighty and all-powerful Creator. Darkness had covered the scene with her mantle before we were able to draw ourselves away, so fascinating were the whole surroundings, and the hotel was reached with no little difficulty. Sitting that evening in the piazza, enjoying the cool air, and lolling luxuriously in a rocking chair, we saw a flash of lightning gleam across the clouded sky; then bursts the thunder-cloud, drowning the sound of the Fall. It was a wild and fantastic panorama, as flash followed flash, lighting up with a vivid clearness the whole surroundings. For a moment it was there; the dark surging waters, the pillar of spray, the museums and monster hotels; then all was darkness once more. For an hour the storm raged with tremendous fury. Niagara

looked more terrible than ever, more fierce in its convulsions, and more fantastic in its wild leaps.

Next morning the thunder-clouds had rolled away, and had left the air more cool and pleasant, while the heavy rain had laid the dust. This was the 4th of July, the anniversary of the declaration of American Independence ninety-eight years ago, a fact duly notified by the liberal supply of bunting on the other side. The forenoon was spent in making a call upon a gentleman who lives in a delightful house that overlooks the wild rapids before they make the grand leap, and in visiting the famous burning spring situated on the edge of the rapids about one mile above the fall. This is a most wonderful freak of Nature. A well bubbles up at the water's edge, and from this proceeds a flow of gas which burns most brilliantly. There is a cylinder placed over the well which receives the gas, this passes up a pipe, and a light being applied, a bright flame lights up the darkened room which has been constructed over the spot to give the phenomenon more effect. A piece of cloth being placed over the top of the tube, the flame still continued burning, and did not injure the handkerchief which was used. Then we asked them to lift off the cylinder and apply the flame to the water itself which was bubbling up; this had the same effect—a fire on the top of the liquid. Next we drank the water, which has a slight taste of sulphur. Emptying the glasses, the flame is applied to the inside, producing a fire inside the tumbler for a few moments. Altogether, this is a most wonderful sight, and well worthy of a visit.



The previous evening we had made the acquaintance of a lady and gentleman and their daughter. Such an operation is an easy matter in American travel; there is none of that stiffness peculiar to this side of the water. But it is seldom that such pleasant and accomplished companions as the above turned out to be are met even by chance in the New World. With them we spent two of the happiest days it was our lot to pass on the other side of the Atlantic Ferry. In the afternoon we started in a carriage and pair, driven by a decent old Canadian, who had evidently seen better days, for the American side. In the first place, we crossed the suspension bridge—fare for each, 50 cents.; carriage and driver extra. Passing by the International and Cataract Hotels, which do not command a good view of the Falls, we pass over a bridge on to Goat Islands—fare same as above. This island is 75 acres in size, and divides the river, thus forming two falls—the American and the Canadian, or Horse Shoe Fall; the former falls a distance of 164 feet, while the latter makes a leap of 158 feet. It is covered with a variety of trees, which grow luxuriantly and to a great size; wild flowers and creeping plants are freely intermixed; while curiosity-vendors, from fat squaws to limbless men, are nearly as numerous as the tourists, and it looked as if every pleasure-seeker had his own particular attendant. The drive round is most delightful, and at some parts we descend and get good views of the Falls. From here the stranger can realize the enormous volume of water that pours over the Horse Shoe Fall, as you can stand upon the brink, and with

the support of an iron railing, look down into the chasm below. The Fall is exactly in the form of a horse shoe, extends round the circle about 300 yards, and at the centre of the concave the heaviest body of water is gathered, supposed to be about 25 feet in depth as it falls over the brink into the immense pool below, which has never been fathomed. From Goat Island we pass by bridges on to the Three Sister Isles, which lie in the centre of the wild roaring rapids. In our idea these rushing waters, as they come racing towards the Falls at railway pace, breaking here and there over long lines of rock, and carrying everything before them, are as wonderful and majestic as the cataracts themselves. Many an accident of a fearful character has happened here. Either through foolhardiness or carelessness the deceptive current is approached; too late the mistake is discovered, and then follows one of the most terrible scenes imaginable, such as no pen can picture. That relentless current gives back no life; it has no pity, nothing but stern reality. It was difficult to break away from such a fascinating scene; and, to tell the truth, a terrible feeling crossed the mind sitting upon the furthest isle—a feeling that tempted one to cast his lot in with the surging waters, and banish in oblivion the cares and toils of life. Such a wild fancy crosses the mind, but only for a moment. Leaving here, we recross to the mainland, and, driving through the village, proceed about two miles down the river side to the whirlpool, to have a look at it and the rapids above. Reaching there, we pay that everlasting 50 cents, and, entering an elevator, descend from the

bank to the water's edge, some 200 or 300 feet below, and there view the rapids and whirlpool. The latter is rather an immense eddy. The waters come rushing down a narrow gorge, and racing past the outlet of the stream, which takes a quick turn at this point, whirl round in a wide circle. There is little or no suction, but it is said that the waters in the centre are 11 feet above the level of the sides. The wildness of the rushing river as it comes dashing through the gorge, the comparative calm of the whirling eddy, the wood-fringed and vine-clad banks, make the scene very attractive and sublime.

At last we got back to our hotel after a most delightful afternoon. It would be impossible to go much further into this subject. We have sketched, in a rough and imperfect manner, a part of the time we spent at this wonderful spot. Further we did not intend to write, but we may be excused in relating an adventure that befel us at this spot, to show the temptations and snares laid for travellers. On the Monday following, I had gone up to the station to see the excellent and accomplished friends who had been my companions for the last day or two away by the train to catch the boat that crosses Lake Ontario to Toronto. While waiting there, a young man of prepossessing appearance, evidently an Englishman, accosted me, and, as a matter of course, I returned the salutation in a cordial, friendly manner. A long conversation followed, in which he inquired how long I had been across the Atlantic? What boat I had come by? Then he told his simple history. How he had fallen

into bad health, and was travelling to regain his strength. " 'Twas pitiful ; 'twas wondrous pitiful." At last he told me his name, and asked me what cognomen I travelled under. So I told him in my unsuspecting innocence. From this we began to talk of future plans. His coincided with mine so exactly that the next proposal was that we should club together, and share our joys and our sorrows. The train drew up to the platform shortly after, and I bade adieu to my pleasant companions, not without a sigh of regret, but bearing in mind the hope that we expect to meet some day in the land that Scott has immortalised ; that at some future date we shall view together the hallowed scenes of Melrose, Abbotsford, and Dryburgh. I turned to look for my new friend, whose kindly words and suave expression were quite refreshing to see. He was gone ; so I followed down to the hotel, expecting to see him there. Just half way I met another well-dressed young fellow, who came up in the most consequential style, exclaiming, " How are you, C—— ; d—— it, I am glad to see you, old fellow." Mildly I hinted he must have mistaken his man. " Don't you remember me coming across in the ' Queen ' last April ? " " Can't say I do ; by the way, perhaps you were a steerage passenger," was my reply. This was a poser. However, he was equal to the occasion, and began to explain that he remembered he was sick most part of the time, and also that he had shaved his beard off since then. A thought flashed across my mind, and I remembered that some people have green in their eye. After some hesitation, I owned my mistake, and shook hands, cor-

dially expressing my stupidity in not recognising him sooner. I asked him about his travels and adventures, and so we began to talk of Western society and the gold mines of Colorado. I took up the tale, and commenced to tell an adventure that befel me at Denver City. He was eager to hear it. Like the Jew, I had fallen among thieves, cardsharps in fact, and there was no Samaritan to help me. However, said I, in conclusion, one of the swindlers will bear the mark of a pistol shot all his life. Then grasping Mr Miller, as he designated himself, by the coat neck, with an iron grip, I told him, in a confidential tone, that the next I came across would be shot as dead as cock robin. He slipped from my hand like an eel and fled, for he looked a coward at bottom. Not long after, I saw my first friend and the above gentleman cross the water to the American side. Some of the cabmen, who were watching the scene, were not a little amused at the summary way in which I treated the swell young man.

In conclusion, Niagara Falls left vivid impressions in many ways ; but while it is one of God's mightiest works, it has been turned to account as a place for carrying on swindling on the most gigantic scale. Cardsharps, pickpockets, and all such like, not excepting the hotel-keepers and hackneymen, vie with each other how to make most money out of the unsuspecting sight-seer. Cabmen have the first innings, and when they get a chance swindle you most unmercifully. In your walks men with curiosities for sale spring up, as if by magic—from the windows of museums, where everything is exhibited and sold, from mummies to 'live

buffaloes,—young ladies smile and bow, and ask you to look at their fancy ware with the most bewitching airs, while their hands are itching for your dollar bills. Three-card-monte men, smooth faced and close shaven, are ever hovering round, like the eagle, ready to pounce on their prey. The best way to go to Niagara is to put so much money in your pocket, make it last as long as you can, and then depart in peace.



## "Our Western Home."

**T**HE river Niagara, after it leaves the Falls, rushes wildly for five or six miles through a narrow channel guarded by a wall of rock on each side. At some places magnificent rapids are formed, and career madly through the chasm. At Lewiston, the stream, although swift, is calm, and renders navigation practicable. Nine miles more, and the broad green waters of the Niagara river find a resting place in Lake Ontario. Close by the spot where the stream mingles with the placid lake stands the town of Niagara, beautifully situated on a piece of ground that slopes away from the shore. It is a considerable place—at least it covers a large area of ground—but in driving through it there are signs of decay: grey hairs are upon its head. The grass growing in the midst of streets where no green thing should flourish, the unoccupied houses, the dilapidated appearance of many others, the indolent gaze of the inhabitants, all tell a tale that from here the glory has departed—former greatness is passing rapidly away. There is a reason for everything, and the cause of this once flourishing town's decay is the result of its former inhabitants'

stupidity. The Welland Canal is a great source of business. When that great project of connecting Lakes Erie and Ontario was mooted, it was proposed to make this the starting point from the latter lake; but no! the wise men of the place would not have it, and, as a matter of course, little trade falls to its lot. Yet there are some signs of life. Not far from an old-fashioned fort on the Lake shore stands a magnificent hotel, a great resort for gay Southerners from the warm and relaxing climes of Louisiana and Tennessee, who come north during the intense heat of summer to enjoy the comparative cool atmosphere of Canada. It is a fascinating place, with ball-rooms and billiard saloons, a spot where life passes away like a day-dream. But it was not to see nor taste of this luxurious life that we visited the decaying town of Niagara. Here, on the southern outskirts of the town, stands "Our Western Home," a refuge for girls, conducted by Miss Rye, who periodically visits England, and brings over with her a batch of girls from the "Rye Home," the workhouse, and other places of refuge for outcast and orphan children situated in London. After a short stay at this health-giving spot, they are dispersed throughout the dominion of Canada, among its well-to-do and industrious farmers, either as servants, or, in many cases, as adopted children. It may be asked, Who is Miss Rye? Perchance, the reader may have read of Florence Nightingale, the heroine of the Crimea; of Baroness Burdett Coutts, whose princely gifts and earnest work have done much to enliven and cheer the spirits of her humbler brothers and sisters;



of Miss Clugston and her convalescent *Homes*; or of the many other ladies who are labouring for their fellow-creatures. To this noble band Miss Rye belongs, who, giving up all the frivolous vanities of fast-fleeting life, work with all their heart and soul for suffering humanity: not with a flourish of trumpets, but in a quiet, unassuming manner this lady conducts her work. Being absent from home, we did not see the lady herself, but a worthy lady superintendent guided us through the "Home." The work has now been in operation for above three years, and already 1200 orphan children, all females, have been received from London, and thence despatched to comfortable homes. Our visit was made on the 3d of July, and at that time only 30 girls were in the Home, being all that remained of 160 brought out in the month of April. Entering the house, which is a large square building, we were conducted to the schoolroom, where the children were engaged in writing on slates. There they sat, quietly working away at their task, every one looking a perfect picture of health. The matron told the history of one or two, for each one of them appeared to have some remarkable coincidence connected with their former life. Then she pointed out girls that had come covered with diseases of the most loathsome character, but had been restored to health by proper treatment and the genial air. Amongst the number was a solitary boy, who was found one morning at the door of a London refuge and taken up for dead. But not so. He now flourishes under the care of Miss Rye. He is a bright-eyed boy, between two and three years old, and shook us by the

hand firmly and heartily on being introduced to our notice. He is a noble specimen of an English child, with a broad, massive head. May this waif only grow up to be a protector to other foundlings! Yes, gazing upon that motley group, the tears began to trickle down the cheeks, and our thoughts turned to Thomas Guthrie and his ragged schools; to the crowded cities of Great Britain, with their sins and their sorrows. Looking at some of those girls, the simple yet pathetic words of Tom Hood flashed across the mind—

"Who was her father?  
Who was her mother?  
Had she a sister?  
Had she a brother?"

Some of their lives, young though they were, would, no doubt, have formed a strange and stirring tale; but sitting in the Home they looked contented, and appeared to be happy as the day was long, within sound of the mighty Niagara, but far from the land of their birth. Following the matron, she guided us up stairs to the dormitories—and it may be mentioned that the house was originally an old prison, with a court-room in it, which has been converted into the principal sleeping room. The beds are of iron, with straw mattresses and clean coverings; in fact, all through the house cleanliness is the most important point sought after, and certainly it is attained. To this circumstance, no doubt, the wonderful health of the inmates is attributable. Out of twelve hundred children who have passed through the Home, only three have died in it—a very small number considering the state of health some are

in on arrival. In one of the small sleeping rooms, we were shown three children confined there for misbehaviour. They were called before us one by one. The first was a round-faced, fine-looking girl of sixteen summers, strong and active-looking. Her fault was deception of an incurable character. She had been sent out and returned several times, but was to have another trial. The second was a young red-haired child, with a wild eye. Her faults are not great as yet. Third, and lastly, was one of those creatures of humanity, so ably described by Dickens, and yet we cannot recall any of his masterpieces to whom she might have been compared. She looked a perfect little virago, with a shock head of sandy hair, a narrow forehead, eyes that looked out from beneath a heavy brow, and of what colour we were unable to discern. Her nose was good, but the lips were thin and sarcastic; all over the face betrayed the worst passions that can belong to a bad woman. Being called before us, she appeared to have a feeling of shame—a false one, we doubt. She had torn a new dress, only a fortnight old, nearly off her back, and there she stood with her eyes fixed on the ground—a terrible example of human depravity. She attempted to speak once or twice, but the matron stopped her, and she stood with sullen indifference as we got her history recounted. We are glad to say that this is the only case that has fairly beat those persevering women, and their idea was to send this rebellious sinner back to England before she reaches the age entitling her to freedom from Miss Rye's restraint, and have her placed in a reformatory. Passing down stairs,

we had a look at the dining-room and box-room. In the latter are stored all the articles of clothing belonging to the girls when they are despatched from England, and which are kept for sending them out to their future abodes. While staying in the Home, they wear clothes kept there for the purpose, so that they go to their future residences with a full supply of clothing. From thence we were taken to Miss Rye's private sitting rooms, which command a view of the town, and look forth upon the blue waters of Ontario. A piano and a well-stocked bookcase are the principal furnishings. All about the rooms, from the pictures on the walls to the books upon the table, savoured of that great word—Charity. "Faith, hope, and charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity."

Considerable expense is incurred to keep the above in working order. With each child Miss Rye receives a sum of £8 from the parish authorities, or some such parties, who place the girls in her hands. A bonus is allowed by the Canadian Government, while, if we mistake not, a few private individuals subscribe to the "Home." In this way sufficient means are raised to make all go smooth in a financial way.

The system of emigration being carried out at "Our Western Home" is, without doubt, a bold experiment. There is no question about the kindness and consideration with which the children are treated while under the immediate eye of Miss Rye or her assistants; but their safety, physically and morally, is not so certain after they leave her care to be servants in families or take the place of adopted children. Practically, the

child, when taken by the Canadian farmer, is little better than a slave if he wishes. To obviate such a state of affairs, considerable judgment is required in placing the child with thoroughly respectable parties. To help her in this part of the work, Miss Rye has associated herself with some of the foremost citizens in Canada, who act as trustees along with her, and do all in their power to forward the work. The character of the applicant for a child is thoroughly investigated. He or she is bound to answer a number of questions, among which they have to give the name of the Mayor or Reeve, in whose township they dwell, as well as that of the minister whose church they attend. From these parties, as a rule, the true character of any applicant can be correctly ascertained. The preliminaries being satisfactory, an indenture is entered into between the applicant, Miss Rye, and two of the most respected men in the neighbourhood of Niagara. The indenture provides for the child being properly educated in all branches of knowledge and religion, that she shall receive wages at the rate of 12s. per month from the age of 15 to 17, and 16s. per month from 17 to 18, after which she is free to go and do as she likes.

There will be, no doubt, many cases of hardship in this system; but, as far as we were able to judge personally, and on the assurance of some of the most influential men Canada possesses, the treatment of those pauper children is generally kind and considerate in their new homes. It is the interest of Canadians to treat those females in a proper manner, for women servants are very scarce. But, supposing this system

is not without its drawbacks, one thing is certain, that it is more successful than the results obtained at home in our upbringing of pauper children. Those who know the farmers of Ontario, who have dwelt in their pleasant homes, and witnessed the position the servant, and more especially the female one, takes, will come to the conclusion that these outcasts will fare better than in the work-houses and reformatories of the old country. Separated from any contaminating influence, the mind must be directed for the better if there is left in it a single spark of truth and honour. Whether it be a success or not—and we humbly give forth the opinion that it is—there is no one but admires Miss Rye for her disinterested labours in the work of the Great Master. Time, with its ceaseless roll, will perfect a system yet in its infancy. Meanwhile, we wish it only a fair field and no favour.



## Niagara Falls to Ottawa.



AFTER a fortnight's sojourn in the province of Ontario, we returned to the famous Falls. The city of Toronto was left one bright afternoon at two o'clock. A swift steamer plies across the bosom of Lake Ontario, and, entering the river Niagara, proceeds up that picturesque stream to Lewistown, where navigation stops. An omnibus connects with the boat and the railway cars, and, as a matter of course, good pay is exacted for the ride. The train runs along the top of the precipitous banks that enclose the foaming waters of the river 300 feet below. The rapids are seen to perfection, and as we come near the end of our journey, the Falls meet the eye of the traveller. From the dépôt, we proceeded to the "Cataract" House, standing on the brink of the American Fall. It is a big hotel, but evidently the glory has departed from this hotel and its neighbours that stand hard by it. For the last few years a systematic course of fleecing tourists has been in vogue, and people rather than be swindled stay at home and keep their cash. There were no lack of loafers, no scarcity of ambitious cabmen or porters; but there was no stir,

and, although the very height of the season, the monstrous halls looked blank and desolate. A band at night tried to cheer up the quiet scene, but scarce two hundred of an audience blessed their spasmodic efforts in a hotel that can accommodate six to eight hundred people. Next forenoon was spent in visiting Goat Island, and at midday, taking leave of that fascinating spot, and shaking the dust from our feet as regards hotel keepers, hackney men, fancy goods merchants, cardsharps, and such like, bade adieu to Niagara Falls, with its roaring waters and glorious scenery. Nature has formed there a theatre more gorgeous in its aspect and greater in its work than at any other spot on earth. But alas! some guardian spirit is required to protect the lover of Nature. Scarce have you sat down to enjoy the scene than some human eagle pounces upon you as a lawful prey. To enjoy scenery requires the mind to feel as if it were alone in drinking in the beauties of the situation.

Into the dusty cars once more. Right east through the State of New York, through the Genessee valley, the famous wheat-producing region, to Rochester, a town of 60,000 inhabitants, noted for its flour mills, nurseries, and gardens. Here the Genessee river forms a fall—a pigmy in comparison to Niagara—yet it would be a famous affair in Great Britain; but as we rushed across the bridge that stands above it, no thundering sound was heard nor falling water seen. The mills had drained the whole supply, and now these falls only exist in winter when water is plentiful. The road continues through a fruitful country, and now and again



the reaping machine is seen at work, for the hay harvest is finished and that of the wheat begun in this neighbourhood. Towards eight o'clock, the engine and its freight approach Syracuse, our present destination. It may be asked, What took us there? A year previous to our visit, a gentleman from that city had visited Kelso, and was charmed not only by its surroundings and scenery, but also by one of its citizens, whose hospitality knows no bounds. Armed with a letter of introduction, we left our route by a hundred and fifty miles on an earnest invitation from the above party to let him have his revenge, as he expressed it, upon his Border friends, and great was the reward of the *detour*. On the platform at the *depôt* stood a short, stout man, with an intellectual face, with rather an English expression; grey locks covered a noble head, one that denoted a turn for philanthropy and good deeds. That was our host, and without delay his house was reached, and a generous reception from its inmates was the result, such as made a stranger feel at home. His house stood in one of the most fashionable streets in the city, removed by some distance from the centre. That street, like many others in Syracuse, was a sight in itself. Broad and ample was the carriage way, while no less commodious were the side walks, but shaded by virgin trees that reared their mantled heads, spreading branches up in mid air. Back some 100 or 150 feet from the street were the houses, while the space between was green with well-cut grass. Magnificent trees studded the lawns, adding shade and beauty in summer, shelter in winter.

Here, also, might have been seen the grape growing up a trellis: the rose bloomed forth, and sent its aroma through the air. The cool breeze of evening sighed amidst the leafy trees, and many a rare creeping plant twined its arms round the trunks and branches of the trees, or up and over the verandah that encircles the house. After the scorching heat of the sun, after the din and excitement of cars, with the remembrance of the mosquito that infests the backwoods of Canada, and follows the traveller with a terrible pertinacity, and burying his proboscis in the most inviting place, away from the loafers of the Falls, this house was the dearest spot—a very paradise to us. Sitting in the verandah after the evening meal, a feeling of satisfaction stole o'er the mind—a pleasure heightened by the conversation of our host, who travelled through our land with an observant and careful eye. There was an interchange of ideas. A sensible and cultivated American, not given to big talk or vituperative eloquence, told his estimate of Britishers; while a patriotic Scotchman declaimed upon the dwellers on Uncle Sam's estate.

The next day—Saturday the 25th July—was spent profitably and well. Good arrangements beforehand lead to fruitful results. Our host was a silversmith, and carried on a large trade in a very unpretending factory to appearance, but well-planned inside. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians" is his motto. His works were standing, so we could not inspect the various processes. During a dull trade, an opportunity had been taken to fix up the workshop; but the trade of Syracuse lies neither in silver nor gold, but in salt. Look-

ing back for half a century, the present site of the city was a howling wilderness—a forest of luxuriant growth—which, when the city was laid out, was turned to account for beautifying the streets and public parks. From the salt springs all its wealth and prosperity flow, and as the Erie Canal and a trunk railroad pass through the centre of the city, it is likely to go on increasing. There is a legend told that De Sota and his followers, while exploring the Ohio Valley, heard from the Indians that far inland, nearer the rising sun, was a lake whose shores were covered with silver, and whose wavelets cast upon the beach untold treasures. Enticed by the brilliant description, they set out to seek this *El Dorado*. After toiling through forests, over mountains, and crossing mighty streams, they reached the Lake of Oneida, and found it was salt instead of silver that existed.

The Indians in the vicinity treated them kindly, and soon they began to intermarry. But the hot-headed, fiery Spaniards could not rest, and were continually quarrelling among themselves, till the Redskins, tired of their feuds, rose up one night and murdered them all—thinking, no doubt, it was the best method of preserving peace. This was the first discovery of the above valuable article. For many years it was utilised at the village of Salina, about a mile west from Syracuse. At this moment the works stretch for many miles around the city, and an immense trade is carried on. The supplies are derived from springs, some of them being of great depth. The Government own them, and pump the water for the manufacturers, who

pay a slight percentage upon the quantity supplied, which just covers the expense of the pumping. Two systems of manufacturing are followed. First, through the *sola*, or evaporation system, by the rays of the sun; second, by evaporating the water through artificial heat. For the former process immense shallow tanks are used. The water is conducted through wood pipes from the reservoirs to these, and the salt is crystalized through the intense heat of the sun. This is the cheapest way, but the process is slow, and can only be relied on during the height of summer, whereas the latter can be used at any season. Eight millions of bushels are annually shipped from here to various points in the Union. Hard by the saline springs are also others of great medicinal value, and largely resorted to by the inhabitants.

In the afternoon we had a long drive. In the first place, round by the University, a noble building crowning a hill that throws its shadow over the city below; then through the grounds of a wealthy merchant, a wonderfully sweet and artistically laid-out place. Looking down from these points, Syracuse is seen to great advantage. In a level basin is the city laid off into squares, each street lined with splendid trees, while beyond lies a placid lake; and then, as far as the eye can reach, on every side an undulating landscape, covered with numerous clumps of dark green forest, which are again relieved by the fields of golden grain. Leaving here, our driver strikes out into the country for five or six miles, passing up a long straight road, the continuation of a street, on each side

of which handsome villas are built, but scarce visible at some points from the dense foliage. The surrounding neighbourhood, clad in all the gay garriements of summer, is beautiful. Rich in agricultural resources, with a varied and picturesque landscape, the farmers looked contented and happy. It is only an example of many an inland town met with in the Eastern States, combining energy, industry, and a certain degree of stability in its trade and commerce.

On Monday, shortly after noon, accompanied by our kind friend, we left for Cape St Vincent, and passing through a flourishing country, intersected with streams that give immense power for manufacturing, and of considerable value as an agricultural district, we reached the latter point towards evening. From here we take a ferryboat, evidently built a century ago, and fit for a museum, in comparison to other American river boats, that plies across the broad waters of the St. Lawrence to Kingston, a town on the Canadian side, without apparently any life but that imparted by its grog shops. Next morning at 5.30 the "Corinthian," a steamer of the first class, came alongside the pier, and ere long she was steaming swiftly down the St. Lawrence, and soon entered among the far-famed Thousand Isles that stud this portion of the river as it leaves Lake Ontario. These islands number in all 1800, and occupy about forty miles of the stream. They vary in size from a few square yards to an area of several miles, and their rocky surface is covered with stunted pines and cedars. The morning of our passage was dull and cold, marring the beauties of the

scene. The big steamer winds her way gracefully through the rock-bound straits, for at places there appears scarcely room to pass. Ever and anon new scenes present themselves, while frequently a boat or graceful canoe glides from one islet to another. Nearly every one of them appears to be inhabited by pleasure-seekers, for tents are seen at all points, and half-dressed campers peep out from their temporary dwellings at the passing steamers. Many a romantic story, many a legend, is told of those wondrous isles. Imagination can fancy them the natural abode and battle-field of the Redskins, and so they were. Then at a later day they offered secure retreat for insurgents and outlaws, for the labyrinth of channels defied pursuit. Around these rocky shores fish are found in abundance, and wild fowl frequent them at certain seasons in large numbers. Unfortunately, with the weather being so unpropitious, we did not realise the beauty of the scene so much as if the sun had cast his genial rays upon it. At eleven o'clock we landed at Prescott, and after three hours' delay took the train to Ottawa, reaching that point at five o'clock in the afternoon.



## Ottawa.

**T**HE city of Ottawa stands upon a river of the same name, contains a population of 30,000, and is the capital of British North America. It is a thriving place, owing much of its prosperity to its lumber trade. To a tourist the chief attractions are the Parliament buildings, the saw mills, and the Chaudiere Falls. Our abode for the time was the Russell House, a mighty poor hotel for the capital of the Canadas. On the night of our arrival we called upon the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, Premier of the Dominion, whose acquaintance we had made some days previous at Hamilton. After a half hour's chat, he arranged to call at the hotel the next morning; at the same time inviting the writer and his Syracuse friend to dinner in the evening. Punctual to a moment the next morning came the Premier, and guided us to the Parliament buildings. Before entering the main portion of the buildings, he conducted us to the place that is meant for the library. It is a round building with a dome 120 feet high, on the top of which is an area or lookout. After toiling up the narrow staircase scarce finished, and which exercised our Yankee friend con-

siderably, whose build resembled the famous Falstaff, the view well repays the trouble. Situated upon a natural eminence, a perfect panorama stretches away on all sides. Below is the dark river that makes a giant leap over the falls, and then slowly wends its way through the forest ocean. On its bosom float immense rafts, some of them acres in size, with houses erected upon them for the comfort of the *voyageurs* who guide them down the stream to the great St. Lawrence. On either side of the river stands the town, rather straggled and poorly built at some parts, but the country surrounding it is most beautiful, and the scenery diversified—a rolling country clad with magnificent trees, a vast green waste as far as the eye can reach, the dark foliage of the pine trees being relieved by the lighter hues of the hard-wood varieties. Through the calm air of the summer's morn rose the shouts of the raftsmen as they steered their unwieldy vessels down the stream, the great highway of commerce in this region. Descending from here, we passed through the committee rooms to the House of Commons, a large room, expensively fitted up, and well arranged for both the members and the public. From there we proceeded to inspect the library, which is temporarily accommodated in another part of the structure before being removed to its proper place. At present it contains 72,000 volumes. In the year 1850, the original collection was totally destroyed by fire, and the above number has been collected since. We also had a look at the Senate room, the dining rooms, the heating and ventilating apparatus, and other points of interest, through which Mr. Mackenzie con-



ducted us personally, and took great pains to point out all the details. There are altogether three buildings—the centre one for the Houses of Parliament, and two wings for offices. The style is Gothic, and not well suited to the purpose, as the windows are consequently small. Many of the rooms, and especially the passages, are dark and dingy. Outwardly the appearance imparted by this mode of architecture is most imposing. The cost, when they are finished, will be nearly one million pounds sterling. A considerable quantity of the stone used for the corners and other fine work came from the State of Ohio; some quarries close at hand supplied material for the rubble work.

About noon, after having done the Houses of Parliament in a perfect manner, the Premier's secretary took us to some of the monster lumber yards that line the river side. The largest visited was conducted by a Mr. Gilmour, who employs 150 hands, and where 950 logs are daily manufactured by means of steam. Four large saws, along with various others for lighter work, are employed. The logs are drawn up from the water by steam, and nearly every other operation is managed by machinery. Scarcely from the time that the raw material leaves the water, in which it has perhaps lain for two or three seasons, till it is cut up into boards, lathes, or shingles, is any manual labour bestowed. The rate at which everything is done, and the regularity of the whole works, also astonish the stranger. The men employed are nearly all French Canadians, who are considered the most expert woodsmen in the world. Our next visit was to a planing mill, where windows,

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doors, and flooring are manufactured. Necessarily there is considerable waste from these processes, which is utilised in making pails and matches. It is nearly impossible to describe the making of those articles, but certainly it is wonderful how machinery has been turned to account in every department. About 2400 pails and 12,000,000 matches are made per day. It took considerable time to inspect those enormous works, which are situated on the Quebec side, where most of the population are French Canadian. In crossing the bridge back to the principal part of the town, the spectator gets a capital view of the largest of the Chaudiere Falls, about 150 yards above. It is a wild foaming cataract, leaping some 40 feet over the rugged rocks. On either side of the falls slips have been made to bring the rafts down, as it is impossible for them to jump down with the stream. The rafts are so arranged as to divide into separate portions. Five or six logs are floated down at a time, and, having run down the slips into the immense area of calm water below the falls, are once more connected with a monster raft, and floated away down the stream. It is said to be very exciting work shooting those rapids, but the pleasure, if any, was not enjoyed, as time did not permit more than a look at the raftsmen as they skilfully guided their vessels over the slides.

At 6.30 we went to dine with Mr. Mackenzie at his own residence, or rather at the house of Mr. Scott, the Secretary of State. The Premier's house had been burned down some weeks before, and he had borrowed, for the time being, a brother minister's resi-

dence, who was spending some time at his farm. It was a house of no great pretensions, but inside a lady and gentleman did the honours with the most unassuming grace. Amidst all the labours, the many anxieties and countless troubles connected with the government of such a vast place as British North America, the Premier had still time on his hands to entertain a "brither Scot." Some twenty or thirty years ago, a stone mason left Perth to push his fortune in Canada. It may surprise our readers to know that that man was Alexander Mackenzie, now, after a hard struggle up the ladder of fame, Prime Minister of the Dominion—a noble example of self-help and indomitable perseverance, and a proof of how intellect and steadiness rise above all obstacles in those western lands. Some men grow famous, and more especially as regards politics, in the New World through trickery and irrepressible cheek; but you see in the present Premier of Canada not only a great orator, a man of broad views and liberal ideas, a party leader second to none, but, above all things, an individual of sterling honesty and earnest sincerity; and by those latter qualities he commands the confidence of the Canadian people, and has at his back a strong majority in Parliament. Such, then, was our host. After dinner the conversation turned upon literature, as the forenoon had been engaged in discussing the operations and prospects of the Government, as well as the system under which the country is ruled. The ballad poetry of Scotland, and, in particular, the poetry of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, first formed the subject of conversation. Then we turned

to Byron's works, which the Premier thinks are the most intellectual and brilliant in the English language, excepting those of William Shakespeare. Never can we forget the enthusiasm and beauty with which our host quoted that marvellous passage from the "Giaour," respecting the present aspect of Greece:—

"He who hath bent him o'er the dead,  
Ere the first day of death is fled—  
The first dark day of nothingness,  
The last of danger and distress,  
(Before decay's effacing fingers  
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)  
And mark'd the mild angelic air,  
The rapture of repose that's there,  
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak  
The languor of the placid cheek,  
And—but for that sad, shrouded eye,  
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now—  
And but for that chill, changeless brow,  
Where cold Obstruction's apathy  
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,  
As if to him it could impart  
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon—  
Yet, but for these, and these alone,  
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,  
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;  
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,  
The first, last look by death reveal'd!  
Such is the aspect of this shore;  
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!  
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
We start, for soul is wanting there.  
Her's is the loveliness in death,  
That parts not quite with parting breath;  
But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—  
Expression's last receding ray,  
A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
The farewell beam of Feeling pass'd away—  
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,  
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth!"

This is, no doubt, one of the most magnificent passages in the English language, so true to life and full of feeling that it almost makes one see the very image before him, and mark how beautifully the illustration fits the subject in hand. Greece, the land of ancient learning and art, of romance and chivalry, is grovelling in the dust. A death-like shadow has been spread over her, and yet remnants of a former greatness are left behind to remind us of the land which gave birth to so many great and glorious men in the brave days of old. The poetry of Byron is something extraordinary, when viewed from the place from which it emanated. And turning from this point to his life, a good deal of talk ensued upon his unhappy marriage and the consequences that flowed from it. The less said about the scandals connected therewith the better; for no one can but remember the terrible mess the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" got into by committing some of her marvellous secrets connected with that subject to paper.

Next in order of conversation came the Patronage Bill, which was then stirring up the rigid Presbyterians of old Scotland. Since that time patronage has been abolished, and the surmise of the Premier's, that it would harm the very persons it was intended for, is gradually becoming apparent. Naturally, while speaking about the right of patrons, the position of the Free Church of Scotland was mentioned. The secession of that body from the Old Kirk of Scotland Mr. Mackenzie regards as one of the most wonderful religious events of the present century. He is himself a Baptist,

and, of course, thoroughly sympathises with our dissenting bodies—as do all Americans—for the New World appears to flourish under the doctrine of the Church and State being entirely separate. Canada has no Church Establishments, but she has plenty of churches, and hundreds of workers, both in the kirk and Sabbath school, and supported by voluntary aid alone. We do not hesitate to say that the religious requirements of the people are more earnestly looked after than in the old country, with its elaborate system of churches depending upon State support, but which, to our mind, appear to be a hot-bed for Erastianism and Ritualism. Let us shake off this viper which is hanging round the neck of our religious structure. Great and good men, no doubt, belong to it; but it must be evident to all impartial minds that a Church supported by voluntary aid is doing most good for the cause of humanity. Nor is it fair to ask any man to support a Church he cares no more for than the man of the moon. The practical common sense of those Canadians led them to see the effect of religious Establishments, and the result at the present moment is that all the Protestant bodies of the Dominion are united and working as one for the great cause. The Premier evidently knew well the events of 1843 and the ten years' conflict that preceded it, and he spoke in terms of almost veneration of the great heroes of the fight—Chalmers, Candlish, Cunningham, Guthrie, and others; not forgetting, as the late Dr. Buchanan evidently did, the mighty genius of Hugh Miller, the stone mason of Cromarty. Yes, he remembered Miller, for did he


not belong to the same class of men? Both stone masons, they knew geology well: one has fallen, as it were, in the field of battle; while the other, more steady, and, perchance, more practical, flourishes amidst the forests of Canada. Altogether, our visit to Ottawa was a very happy and instructive one, and our evening with Mr. Mackenzie most enjoyable. Among other things, he is a man of most retentive memory, with great conversational powers, the logical points of which are relieved by numerous anecdotes. The general observation he has is very wonderful. He grasps all political subjects with a determined power, and states his opinion shortly and concisely. He is well read in all kinds of literature, and he mentioned a fact worth recording, which also shows the extent of his observation, that, as far as he had read, he believed, in regard to illustration, that the late Rev. William Arnot's (of Edinburgh) discourses were the best examples of how sermons could be made out of stones, and great lessons drawn from the Book of Nature.



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XIX.

*The Rapids of the St. Lawrence and  
Montreal.*

 ON the 30th of July, at 7.45 A.M., Ottawa was left by rail, and about eleven o'clock we had again reached Prescott. Fifteen minutes later, and the splendid steamer Bohemian drew gracefully alongside the wharf. Time and tide wait for no man, and in a short while the steamer loosed away. On the pier stood the portly figure of our friend the silversmith, and as it grew less and less, distance lent no enchantment to the view. He waved his handkerchief to the big boat, but as she swiftly descended the stream we saw him no longer. A feeling of loneliness crept over us. He was a most enjoyable person to travel with, so full of fun and humour, and he knew the neighbourhood of Kelso very correctly, so powerful and characteristic had been his observation while visiting it. To meet a man of this kind, and enjoy three or four days' fellowship together, is indeed a pleasure. Not only are there many subjects in common, but reliance can be placed upon the opinion of a person who, having seen both the Old and the New



World, can judge correctly of their various merits and failings. Yankees, as a rule, think their own land far ahead of all others; and why blame them so severely as some critics do for holding such an opinion. Our Syracuse friend looked upon his native land with the greatest pride and veneration; yet, having seen antiquated England, he gave us credit for our industry and steadiness, our tenacity to old ideas—a grand feature in any nation; while he admired our Government, with its stainless reputation for honesty and justice. Like sensible Americans, he was quite aware of the notorious state into which the administration of the laws are falling in the United States. Bribery and corruption on the most gigantic scale have taken hold of all the rulers, from the President downwards. The judges, under the system of holding their posts for only four years, try to do their best in gathering gear during that short time, so that the largest purse generally is victorious in a law case. Contracts are manipulated in the most extraordinary fashion, and, as a general rule, the building of a State or court house costs three times what it should do. Our straightforward and honest friend admitted these facts, while we were not loathe to give Americans their due for their remarkable energy and foresight. After meeting with such men as the above, one comes to the conclusion that a Yankee at home is in many respects a “jolly good fellow.”

Once more upon the broad St. Lawrence, with its light blue waters. In mid-stream here and there a wooded islet is met. Along the banks small villages

and neat farm houses are seen, but the scenery otherwise is tame. But apart from the landscape, the great pleasure of this trip is the sensation of being carried over the foaming rapids in the monster steamboat. With the exception of Niagara Falls, the tourist in those western parts hears more about the Thousand Isles and the Rapids of St. Lawrence than any other sights. The weather did not let us see the beauties of the former scene, but in the latter the reality was greater than the imagination. The first great rapid is called the Long Sault, nine miles in length, with a velocity of nearly twenty miles per hour. Before entering it one can scarcely imagine the wildness of the current. It is when the steamer is in the midst of the foaming waters, which present to the eye the appearance of a storm at sea, that one can conceive the danger and grandeur of our passage. If the pilot happened to make a mistake, one can only fancy the consequence of such a calamity. Enormous power is used to steer the bulky vessel, and seldom or never does an accident of any moment happen. But to the uninitiated it is a most exciting passage down those wild roaring rapids. Further down the stream, after having sailed through Lake St. Francis, we next enter the Cedar Rapids, named from the trees of that description which line the water's edge. While the boat sails swiftly on her way the passengers see before them some ugly rocks, to which the boat appears to be hastening with all possible speed. It is a moment of almost agony. There she goes, right on to them. No doubt, faces grew pale and the nerves were shaken—but so earnest was the

writer upon the rocks in mid-stream that he heeded nothing else. Nearer still, and then, as if by magic, the course is changed, and, before one can turn about to look, the vessel has passed the dreaded object, and proceeds swiftly on her journey. Just below those rapids a branch of the Ottawa river joins the St. Lawrence. Near to the junction stands the picturesque little village of St. Anne's, a great summer resort, and rather noted from its connection with Moore's "Canadian Boat Song," a most touching piece—

"Faintly, as tolls the evening chime,  
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time;  
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn.  
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

"Why should we yet our sail unfurl?  
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;  
But when the wind blows from off the shore,  
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

"Ottawa's tide, this trembling moon  
Shall see us float o'er the surges soon;  
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,  
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past."

Just before reaching Montreal the Indian village of Caughnawaga is passed. Then come the La Chine Rapids, the shortest and wildest on the route. A broad calm sheet of water lies below them, and some two or three miles still further is the City of Montreal, the commercial capital of British North America. Be-

fore reaching the landing stage, the steamer sails quietly through one of the arches of the Victoria Bridge, a magnificent structure, one of the younger Stephenson's many triumphs. It is a mile and a quarter long, and rests upon twenty-four piers, so constructed as to withstand the pressure of the ice that lodges annually behind it during the winter months. The sun was sinking in the horizon as we approached the dock, and lit up the tall spires of the numerous churches with a blaze of golden hue, at the same time changing the dark green foliage of the trees into a rich purple. Ere long we were seated at supper in the St. Lawrence Hall, a substantial hostelry of no mean pretensions.

Montreal stands upon a rich and fertile island, formed by the branches of the Ottawa river. It is nearly thirty miles in length and ten broad. On the south shore stands the city, with a river frontage of three or four miles, while to its rear stands the Mount Royal, a mere hill, but dignified with the name of mountain. Founded in 1642, Montreal was originally a French settlement, and to this day visible traces of their occupation is seen in the narrow lanes and streets met with in the older portions of the place. Of later years a more liberal and enlightened policy has marked the inhabitants—broad expansive streets and elegant buildings are its characteristics. It is eminently a well-built city in comparison to many others we visited. It is a substantial and steadily increasing place. We spent one day in it. By a strange coincidence we remember it in one respect rather vividly. Our cash was all gone. Money goes like snow before a west wind in those

popular routes of travel. A letter of introduction was presented over the counter of a large insurance office. The head of the business was not at home. We opened the letter, showed it to the clerk, and explained our object in as few words as possible, but it was of no use. He only shook his head with an incredulous leer. It was no joke; money must be had at any price. To frighten the fellow, empty a *shooting-iron* at him, as the Yankees say, were the first thoughts; but discretion is the better part of valour—so we shook the dust from our feet, and departed without committing a breach of the peace. In calmer moments such treatment appears natural enough. The letter of introduction might appear to the said party to have either been forged or stolen, and it takes great caution to be exercised, as the New World has a fair share of swindlers. Yet this was the first place our credit or honour had been suspected. The dollars were obtained at last through a gentleman who had far less proof of our identity. With this exception, nothing remarkable happened.

Before breakfast, the morning after our arrival, we went to see the Bousecours Market, where, just as the day breaks, hundreds of the French peasants may be seen flocking with their garden produce, poultry, and other articles for sale; whole cart-loads of fruit were there, and chickens out of number; while vendors of curiosities and trinkets were found incongruously alongside butchers and bakers. Some distance from this spot stands the Notre Dame Cathedral, and to this point streams of people were wending their way. Entering the door, the peasant reverently dips his finger

in the holy water, and crosses himself devoutly; others, like ourselves, were drawn through curiosity, and it was no uninteresting sight to sit and watch the crowds of pious Catholics; for, to give them their due, they looked sincere as they came, counted their beads, breathed a prayer, dropt a coin into the plate, and then retired quietly into the street. But when some penitent sinner approached the confessional, and disappeared for some time, to lay his sins and misdeeds before a man no higher in intellect than himself, and from him expect forgiveness, a feeling of pity came over us. How such a revolting doctrine can lay hold of people is past comprehension. A Unitarian minister, a man of fine intellect and poetic feeling, accompanied us, and expressed his profound contempt for such a proceeding. One can sympathise with the holders of many doctrines of various kinds that would be called far from orthodox in Presbyterian Scotland; but it is difficult to have any feeling but one of the greatest disgust for this peculiar tenet of Roman Catholicism. After breakfast, we proceeded to the Church of the "Gesu," another Roman Catholic edifice of singular beauty both outside and inside. It is in the form of a cross, and the frescoes and pictures are said to vie with those of the European Cathedrals. After visiting various other churches and colleges—for they appear to be the correct places for tourists to look at in Montreal—we directed our steps to the Grey Nunnery, where 500 old people and children are looked after by 80 nuns. The wonderful order and cleanliness of this place are among its remarkable features, and speak volumes for the good

ladies who undertake the work of nursing the old and training the young, for inside that building age and youth are seen in their greatest extremes. At twelve o'clock the pious nuns offer up their midday paternosters. In a large hall, on each side of which are rows of seats, strangers are admitted to witness this performance. Up the wide centre passage, the nuns, dressed in the garb of their order, walked two by two, bowing low as they entered the doorway. When they were all inside the room, they knelt down on the bare stones that form the floor. A bell with a jingling sound pealed forth all the time while they were engaged at prayers. It was a sad sight as they gave vent to their pent-up feelings in low yet deep tones. Then, when all was done, they retired slowly through the door-way back to their duties. These nuns are mostly middle-aged to appearance, and have a cold ascetic look. That they have noble traits in their character no one can doubt, for it requires a great amount of self-denial to give up all the world and its vanities for the cloister, and a life of constant watching over the aged and infirm. As we passed through the churches and convents belonging to Roman Catholics, not only seeing but hearing from various sources of the enormous wealth possessed by that Church, it must be obvious what a power over the mind their religion exercises. It is wonderful to see the thousands who give up under its control not only all earthly pleasures, but also much of their means, to advance its doctrines. Might we Protestants—yea, the good Presbyterians of Scotland—not take a lesson from their book?

The afternoon, which was wet and disagreeable, was spent in walking round the mountain which lies to the north of the city; but, as the sun did not put in an appearance till our return, the magnificent view which is obtained from it was not enjoyed. Next morning, getting on board the train at six o'clock, we crossed the Victoria Bridge, and proceeded to Rouses Point, a station at the head of Lake Champlain. Here we enter a splendid steamer named the "Vermont," which proceeds rapidly down the lake. The scenery is tame at first, but half-way down it improves. The mountains of Vermont on the one side, and the Adirondacks on the other, form a fine background to the dark rich woods and steep rocks that border the shore. At some parts a level meadow stretches away some distance from the lake's side. A neat cottage, nestled among some trees, stands in the midst; but it is like an oasis in the desert, for a fruitful soil is a rare commodity, the land being generally covered with stunted trees. Towards the southern end of the lake the scene grows more picturesque and taking. Before entering a narrow passage, resembling a canal more than a lake, we pass the old Fort of Ticonderago, situated upon a bold headland of rock. The boat then proceeds slowly down a narrow passage overgrown with tall grasses and enclosed with frowning rocks, till Whitehall is reached, where the passengers again get aboard the cars and proceed to Saratoga, which place is reached by six o'clock at night. Space has not allowed us to describe at length the passage down the above lake. It is a most enjoyable one, and brings



back to memory the Scotch lochs with their numerous islets and imposing mountains. Such is Champlain, studded in some parts with rocky pine-clad isles, guarded by the rocky eminences of the Adirondacks and wood-clad summits of the Green mountains, that rear their lofty heads into mid-air.



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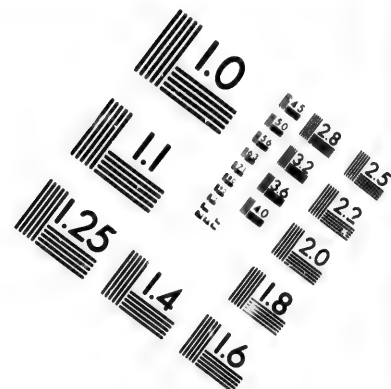
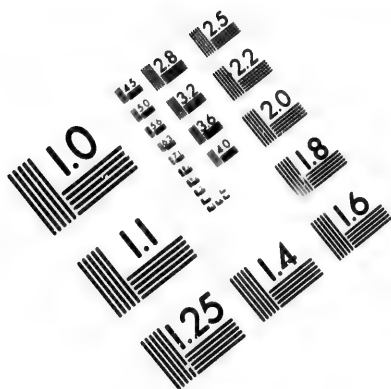
### Saratoga.

**T**HE thought of loneliness is doubtless romantic, but the stern reality brings no such feeling in its train. To be alone amidst a bustling crowd, amidst people with strange faces and different purposes, produces a sensation in the mind far from pleasant. So I felt on landing from the train at Saratoga. Up to this moment in all my wanderings, whether through the forests of Virginia, across the broad ocean-like prairies, amidst gold hunters, or the more staid dwellers in Canada, some one, either by chance or through letter of introduction, had come to hand, and been the sharer of my toils and pleasures. Such a fact has led me to use the plural number throughout these papers. But on leaving Montreal, no such fellow-creature turned up, and, truth to tell, I little cared for companions, for it gave infinite pleasure to think of the past and look forward to the future. Many passengers crowded the boat that sailed swiftly through Lake Champlain, and with not a few I passed a civil word or two. Even one, after a fair number of whiskies straight, opened his heart to tell me a dodge. Said he—"Everybody who goes to Canada buys an

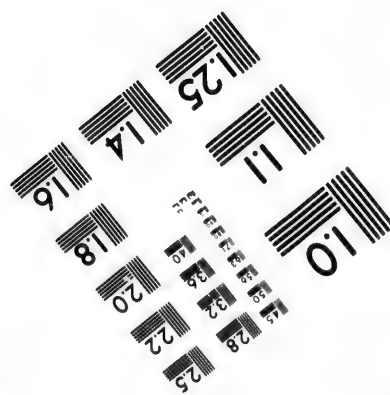
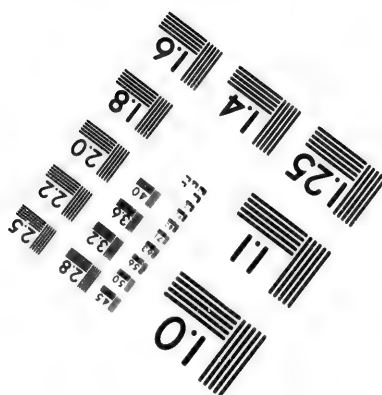
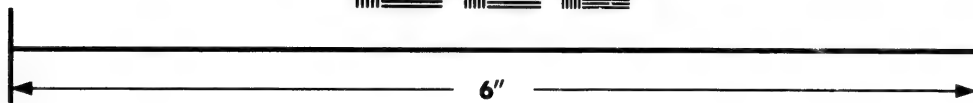
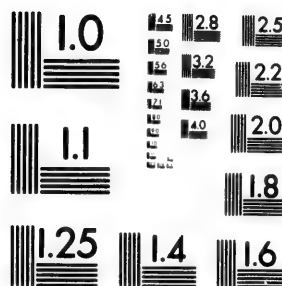
umbrella: the heavy tariff charged by our Government is saved, for personal effects are free from custom duties." So far good, but this sharp Yankee had invested in a couple of the said articles, and was made to pay for one by the dutiful custom-house officers. Thus at the railway dépôt I was alone. Hotel runners, busmen, and others had failed to disturb the even tenor of my mind, and my baggage check having been delivered to an expressman, I shaped my course for the Grand Union Hotel. Arrived there, no bed is to spare, although it can accommodate near 2000 guests. It is Saturday, and "all the world and his wife" have come to Saratoga. Exactly opposite the above house, on the other side of a broad magnificent street, stands the Congress Hall, the oldest and perhaps the most aristocratic hotel at this fashionable watering-place. Just in time to get a room about six storeys high, but what matters it in those places of luxury to be up in the sixth floor? No stairs to climb here. Constant, from early morn to late at night, a huge elevator runs up and down for the accommodation of guests. Of these American hostelries I have spoken more than once; but the hotels at Saratoga "whip creation," as far as I have seen. No one can imagine the luxury of living in such places, and the most fanciful tale of the "Arabian Nights" can only lead one to imagine the gorgeous richness of their furnishings. The magnificent drawing and retiring rooms, the ball-room, large, airy, and tastefully decorated, the billiard saloon with its bright lights and well-made tables, the table that is crowned with every delicacy of the season, the

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band that daily discourses sweet music, are things of wonder to a stranger. But it may be asked, What reason for all this splendour? Here is the answer. Springs of water—water that gives life to the sickly and invigorates the weary one. At Saratoga there well up in all directions streams more prized than any others in the State. Looking back upon its history, General Burgoyne here surrendered to the army of patriotic Americans who fought the mother country for their freedom. Now more peaceful is this spot; but instead of the hardy backwoodsmen who fought under George Washington, we find their descendants flocking to receive the water of life. A century has elapsed since those days of war; but if the mighty dead rose and saw the occupants of the present, got a glimpse of their dresses and equipages, methinks their hair would stand on end. That evening found me sitting in the ball-room of the hotel watching the gay and giddy crowd. Seated in a quiet corner behind a row of elderly young ladies, on whom the popular eye was not directed, I could gaze with impunity upon the passing scene. What a phalanx of beauty was there! Ladies of all sizes and ages, from the six-year-old, precocious and sharp, to the elderly matron, thronged the hall—all intent upon enjoyment. Girls and boys are here turned into ladies and gentlemen long before the natural time. "It is a fast life out here, stranger," said a gold miner to me one day; and "a short one," remarked a laconic bystander—a fact too true over all Uncle Sam's estate, and nowhere more clearly demonstrated than in that ball-room. The youth of America



—for by far the largest proportion of visitors belong to that class—come here, not to receive benefit, but seeking gaiety and excitement. They can endure under a false energy the whirl of the ball-room for any length of time. Next morn behold them at the spring, having been brought from the hotel some hundred yards distant in a carriage, pale and worn. Thus far I had been moralising, a state of mind engendered by the circumstances. Looking by chance towards the door, the eye fell upon the well-known, massive figure of Dr. N——, a dentist of the highest standing, from New York. "Fortune favours the brave." Not alone after all. It was but the work of a moment to rush up and grasp his hand, and then look up to his astonished countenance. This was the man for me. He knew everybody and about everything. So, after some conversation, he began to point out the beaus and belles—among the number a Miss Wall, who brought out the immortal Grecian bend. She is perhaps one of the handsomest women one can see, and, although report says she has seen twenty-six for the eighteenth time, the bloom of youth, whether it be artificial or otherwise, has not faded. Many other distinguished parties were there—poets, preachers, railway kings, and rascals who had grown famous through their infamy. Before retiring, we took a stroll through the streets and other hotels. Night during the months of July and August is a most enjoyable time. After the burning heat of the sun, the pleasant breeze that sighs amidst the trees is perfect bliss. Such crowds were there, all promenading up and down in light summer

resses, and no hats to shield the head ; so dry is the atmosphere that no danger is feared.

The next day was the Sabbath, not in the sense we look upon it in Scotland. Church-going had few advocates at Saratoga. In place of a sermon came the Sunday morning edition of the *New York Herald*, per special train, for the welfare, either spiritual or physical, of its inhabitants. But, apart from this, the first commandment, and the one most rigidly observed, whether Sunday or Monday, is to visit the spring and drink deep of the waters. So before breakfast, we turned our steps to the Congress Spring. Under a canopy, down below the level of the soil by some two or three feet, are five or six boys termed *dippers*, who most industriously plunge a set of three tumblers fixed in an iron stand into a spring that boils up with great force. The bystanders help themselves to a glass of water. The boy, relieved of his burden, places empty glasses in his stand, and gives another dash at the spring. For hours, from early morn till late at night, this process goes on. To this water all are free—the merchant prince, the nigger shoe-black, the man-servant and the maid-servant stand side by side. A continual flow of visitors keeps up the whole forenoon. Towards afternoon it grows less. While the waters are nominally free, it is the custom to give the dipper boy a small fee, something like a penny per glass, but that is optional. The astonishing capacity, the tremendous imbibing powers of crowds who attend this spot, is marvellous. Fifteen tumbler men, now nearly all gone to their grave in this part of the world, would stand

aghast and watch the people drinking at those springs. Twenty-five to thirty glasses per day is a common dose for a strong man, and generally that quantity is taken before dinner. At the same time, the glasses contain rather less than our ordinary tumblers. These waters, when first tasted, are a little unpleasant, but the taste is soon acquired, and before leaving, I preferred them to any other liquor Saratoga could produce; in fact, so fascinated did we get that every day the doctor and I made a round of the principal springs. Of these the Congress is the most popular; but among other famous ones are the Hawthorn, the Clarendon, the various Geyser springs, situated about a mile from the village, and the High Rock, which is perhaps the most interesting of them all. From the centre of a conical piece of rock about three feet high there bubbles up a strong icy stream, which sends its overflow down the sides of the miniature mountain like a stream of lava. This water contains some sediment in it, of what character I do not recollect, but which forms a species of rock, leaving always an outlet at the top for the overflow. Sunday at Saratoga is given evidently much to drinking, eating, promenading, and lolling in a rocking-chair under the shade of the broad piazza; and as you must follow the example of the Romans when at Rome, so we did as other people, and passed a quiet day, taking a walk during the forenoon to the Geyser springs, and spent the remainder of it in watching our neighbours. Through the evening, we had the doctrine of spiritualism talked over with two ladies whom the doctor was acquainted with. Now, it would be out of place here

to enter into the peculiar opinions held by the believers in this doctrine, but certainly the tenets advanced by its advocates are rather astounding to a Presbyterian who has been brought up under the rigid rule of Free Kirkism. Nor is it easy to fathom the views of Spiritualists, for every member of that body has a separate idea of his or her own; for it is females whose minds are most largely charged with faith in the revelations produced through mediums and clairvoyants. In as few words as possible, let us relate some instances of spiritualistic revelations. The doctrine lies in the belief that the spirits of the departed—of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, relations and friends, of kings and conquerors long since forgotten—can appear to human mortals through the agency of mediuma. Thus, to illustrate: a gentleman whom we met at Saratoga had just returned from spending a week with the Eddies of Vermont. Far away from the busy scenes of ordinary traffic and travel live a family in the country district of Vermont. Farmers by profession, mediums by nature and inspiration, are the three brothers and like number of sisters, who compose this curious family. *Seances* are held every evening in a room lighted by one solitary candle. The brothers and sisters all go into a trance, and the spirits appear. The latter are very fastidious, sometimes never appearing, at others coming in crowds. An apparition, a mere shadow at first, appears upon a platform; then gradually, in the uncertain light of the candle, it fills out to the form of a human being, and stands before the audience, who have come either to seek peace, or

unravel the dark and bloody mystery. Many questions are asked of this spirit, and answers are freely returned. Of the present and the past they can speak. In respect of the future, they are but as mortals; but there are some curious scenes at these *seances*. Sometimes a party of Indian braves appeared, decked with feathers and war-paint, and danced as only the red man can, whooping and yelling to their hearts' content. It is supposed these warriors have returned from their happy hunting grounds to have a look at their descendants of the present day. In another case a widow saw, or imagined she looked upon, her departed husband, whom in her innocence she thought had gone to that great land of forgetfulness. But not so; there stood her husband, dead some three or four years. A scene followed such a remarkable instance of spiritualistic power. In another case a father saw a beloved daughter, and talked long and eagerly to her, but she vanished, promising to return, which she never did while the relater of the story stayed at the place. But from one of the ladies who kept us company during the evening, we got a more vivid example than from any other person I ever met. Some five or six years ago her husband died. Every September, on a particular day, she proceeds to a medium, who has the marvellous power of recalling her husband's spirit back to earth, and through the medium she holds a limited conversation with her late departed one. "Ah! sir," she said in a pathetic and sincere tone—for she was a lady in all senses of the word—"it is a comforting doctrine to look across that dark river, and know that the

dearest ones are safe and happy." "But," inquired I, "do you really believe it is your husband?" Such a look of scorn met my question that I proceeded no further on this tack, but commenced inquiry upon the future state, as revealed to her and others. From rather a confused description, it would appear that a spirit, on leaving the body, has certain states to go through before reaching its ultimate dwelling place. While in the first stages of its new life, it can return to the regions known as earth, its former abode; so that believers in this doctrine hold the opinion that our ancestors see all that goes on—that, in fact, as I write at this present moment, relations and friends watch the operation—according to the doctrine of the Spiritualists. Such, then, is an outline of some of the peculiar ideas held by a large mass of people in America and elsewhere, but more particularly among the New Englanders, who are originally descended from the Puritans of England. To my own mind, it is most astonishing that such a doctrine has got hold of a large number of sensible people; for, while I despise the belief, I am far from depreciating some of the master minds who place implicit confidence in mediums. Nor would I laugh at them. Spiritualists believe in God, but they look upon Christ as a man, certainly a most extraordinary manifestation of human nature, but yet a human creature. (This would seem to identify the system with one of the many forms of anti-Christ of which we read in the scriptures.) But, apart from all the doctrinal points involved, the manner in which the so-called spirits appear at once raises suspicion. If they

are proper spirits sent from God to do good, why not appear in open daylight, instead of in dark rooms, from recesses of walls, and mysterious closets. Some time last winter the spiritualism of the Homes of Philadelphia was proved a hoax. I think the rest will soon follow. You may hear of strange apparitions, of wonderful feats performed by mediums, but, as far as I inquired, I never saw any benefits flowing from them. From Christianity much good is derived in various ways; at the same time, not much danger is to be expected from the above. The religion of America, which at the root is strong and healthy, has more to fear from the disgusting doctrines of Free Loveism, Bible Communism, Shakerism, and Mormonism.

Monday forenoon was spent in visiting a lake some four miles distant, on whose waters ply miniature steamboats accommodating pleasure-seekers who wish a sail on its placid waters. It stands in the midst of fertile farms—we might almost call them gardens—for they are well farmed, and used mostly for producing vegetables for the epicureans at Saratoga. On our way home we witnessed some flat races. The first charge was 4s. to enter the ground, then 4s. to reach the stand, and for a payment of 8s. the spectator witnessed some sham racing betwixt horses more fit for cabs than a racecourse. After dinner we watched a hog perform, which was infinitely more exciting than the performances by the noble horse. Educated Ben was a phenomenon—a perfect prodigy. He could tell the time, make up accounts, and play cards most correctly, and, at the same time, he was about the ugliest, ill-

bred animal I ever saw ; yet the showman, who termed himself Professor, had his pupil well trained. The evening was spent amid the ballrooms, for strangers can pass almost without interruption from one room to another, and the principal hotels have " hops " every night. Tuesday was a regular *roaster*. It was decidedly hot—just such a day as made a person wish to be for ever in a cold bath ; and if there had been no springs, sherry cobblers, claret punches, lemonades, cocktails, and other miscellaneous drinks would have been in request. Towards noon we walked out into the Indian camp, which stands on the outskirts of the town. Twenty years ago, when the Doctor first visited this spot, about a thousand Redskins dwelt in the neighbourhood. Now, scarce a tenth of that number drag out a miserable existence by selling twisted sticks, bead-work, and baskets. Civilisation has killed them, and soon the Indian camp at Saratoga will be a matter of history. It stands amidst a grove of stately trees, but no wigwam is there. A civilised house, made of wood, shelters the son of the forest. Curiosity leads many visitors there, but they find nothing romantic. In the form of a square stand the dwellings, while before the doors are benches on which are set the trinkets and fancy wares palmed upon unsuspecting sightseers by fat old squaws, or beautiful half-bred girls, at five times their real value. More accurately speaking, most of the so-called Indians are but half-breds, a cross betwixt the French Canadian and Redskin. While the ladies of the camp sell fancy goods, the gentlemen attract strangers to their archery



ground, or for the sum of twenty-five cents, give you twelve shots with an air-gun at marks suspended from the trees. This is the manner in which the remnants of a great people gain their living amid usurpers. Alas, poor red man! thou canst not live among the tents of thy white brother. They have more cunning, they have firewater, they bring smallpox, they bring strength in their train, and the odds are all against thee. No longer now thy light canoes skim over the mighty Hudson, nor does the deer that haunts the wooded recesses of the green-clad Alleghanies fear thy arrow. The vast prairie still maintains a few wandering tribes, but smallpox and firewater have reached there also. The hunter kills the bison, and both you and your game are doomed to destruction. I have seen men who crossed the prairies in 1849, when the gold fever broke out in California. They described the red man as a noble specimen of humanity. Thousands of bisons roamed at large. To the first dwellers the Indian said, "Welcome, stranger!" It was not till the unholy emigrant, the scum of creation, thirsting for gold, for drink, and imbued with deep passions that had been nurtured amidst the haunts of vice, began to cross those fertile fields, little heeding the rich country, but looking forward to the veins of yellow gold that run through the mountains of the Pacific slope; then strife arose as they hurried on, the red man found his horses stolen, his wife and daughter ravished. A man of war, he resented the injury, and since total extermination has been the policy of his conquerors. But we diverge. That afternoon found us listening to the band that dis-

coursed sweet music to the guests at the Congress Hall each day after dinner. There one could sit, hear the music, read the papers, and smoke a cigar, for the ladies do not object to the perfume of the soothing weed. Evening came, and with it a cool, refreshing breeze. Towards nine o'clock the scene was very brilliant. The cool, delightful evening had brought out all the fair sex dressed in their best. Ye gods! there was dress enough and to spare. It would have needed one more experienced than either the Doctor or myself to estimate the value in dollars of silks, satins, and jewels; but it was rumoured, whispered amidst the crowd, that a fair lady had arrived some days previous, whose luggage was contained in forty large-sized trunks. Whether it be true or not, on good authority I was led to believe that many ladies come to watering-places such as Saratoga, and have a fresh dress morning and evening for a month at a time. From what I saw I can thoroughly believe it, although it looks incredible on paper. This rage for dress has a tremendous hold of Yankee ladies, and certainly, as far as personal appearance is concerned, they need it less than the females of any other country. Sitting in the verandah of yon hotel at Saratoga, one has ample opportunities to judge of this circumstance. People of all nations are gathered there—Britishers, French, Germans, Cubans, Italians, and Jews; but from the crowd you detect at once those who are born Americans. In no land does a nation lose its leading features so soon as in the New World. As if they passed through a grinding mill, all nations are mixed up together in a marvellously short

time ; in less than a generation different nationalities are merged into one great distinct race, with the English language as its mother tongue. Well, to continue : in that heterogeneous crowd at Saratoga, it is not difficult to single out the ladies who own America as their native land. They have a rich yet soft expression, with rather a pale complexion, which failing is rectified by the use of paint and powder. The figure is very perfect, the shoulders being well-sloped, and the arms fitting neatly into the slender waist. These, combined with an erect, graceful carriage and charming address, strike a stranger in a tender part. With all those natural charms, the young lady of young America goes in heavily for effect, and dress is the principal tool brought into play to accomplish the end, and yet I would not like to say affectation is a feature in their characters. They are so frank, so generous, and yet so jealous. I sat beside an elderly young lady in the gay saloon. As every belle entered she had a piece of biting sarcasm to entertain me with. Nothing so quickly or thoroughly arouses a lady's feeling as seeing another who is better dressed. In England they say women bother men ; but away across the Atlantic, the reported paradise for the female sex, with a few notable exceptions, such as Salt Lake City, they torment one another, and perhaps it is a pleasure in its way. But at Saratoga—aye, in in these very ball-rooms—we get a glimpse of another feature of American society. The shoddy throng those gay rooms. Who are the shoddy ? And, to tell the truth, that is no easy question to answer. They are the people who have sprung up in a day—the

petroleum emperors, the coal goddesses, the tobacco princes, and the girls with oil springs; or, in other words, shoddy, in its chrysalis state, means a coal-viewer in Pennsylvania, a tobacco merchant in Richmond, a cotton speculator in New Orleans, a gold-miner in Nevada, a manipulator of State contracts, a genteel robber of the public funds, a corn lord in Chicago, or an owner of oil springs far in the wilds of Canada. Rapidly, after it gets a fair start, does it burst forth from the dreary winter of life into a more active creature, and puts on showy, butterfly wings. Shoddy, in this latter stage, whether you meet it in river boat, by Highland loch, or amid Romish antiquities, is a vulgar man with a more vulgar wife, clad in gay garments and studded with costly jewels, who boast much and talk large, and guess England is a mighty mean place in comparison to the States—at the same time letting it be known that they have made the grand tour of Europe. Too often we in this country judge of America and Americans by such samples as the above. From these and such like the magnificent band of shoddy is sprung. Totally uneducated, but with loads of dollars, they come to copy the aristocracy—for free America has its aristocrats—and, having spent their gold and shown off their gaudy persons, think themselves equal to their refined and accomplished neighbours. In such a place as the United States, where life has many ups and downs, mighty fortunes are made in a year or two; so that the iron-worker of Pennsylvania may be driving four-in-hand down the public street of a fashionable watering-place

five years hence. The tremendous rise in iron and coal, the discovery of petroleum, the gold mines, and other causes, have made men wealthy whether they will or not, so that you meet the above class in every hackneyed route. You find them among the wooded valleys of the Blue Mountains, close by the roar of the Niagara Falls, in the big steamboats of the St. Lawrence, at the New England watering places, and they have all the same characteristics—vulgarity, and coarseness of manner and feeling.

Such, then, is life at Saratoga. Next morning we left, and great was our regret at leaving so soon. It is a most enjoyable place, and more especially to the man who has plenty of dollars to spare—for if you have luxury be sure the money will slip away.



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XXI.

Saratoga to Scotland.

**I**N leaving Saratoga for New York, the tourist can either proceed the entire route by rail, or take the boat at Albany and sail down the far-famed Hudson River, the Rhine of America. Preferring the latter journey, I left Saratoga by rail on the morning of the 5th August at 6.30 A.M., and shortly after eight o'clock was on board the magnificent steamer "Chauncey Vibbard." This was one of the finest river-boats in the New World, and certainly for speed, beautiful state-rooms, luxurious saloons, well-appointed tables, and pleasant company, it will be difficult to beat. Slowly we leave the wharf, then, answering to the strokes of the monster paddles, the big boat lifts her bow more proudly every revolution. To sail down the Hudson is worth many miles of travel. On leaving Albany, the river widens out considerably. On each side is a wooded bank, cleared at some parts, on the top of which stand romantic villas and Swiss-like cottages. In front of these are neat gardens filled with bright-hued flowers. Ofttimes, on a sandy slope not far off, is a vineyard, green and luxuriant, supplying the owners with grapes and wine. The mountains,

whose sides are covered with trees, form a majestic back-ground. Here the dark green pine is mixed with the more delicate-coloured hardwood. Opposite a place called Catskill the mountains are most picturesque and grand, while the light and shade produced by the clouds and sunshine overhead gave to their wooded sides a beautiful appearance. So distinct was the phenomena, the very shadows appeared to walk along the mountain side. So on we go the live-long day, past many romantic spots, hallowed not only by the touch of Nature, but by incidents that occurred during the war of Independence, when young America purchased her freedom from Great Britain. At certain points the river is confined in narrow limits by high rocky cliffs that rise perpendicularly from the water. The scenery is very impressive, and one feels that the steamer is passing too quickly to allow the tourist to drink in the beauties of the situation. Even amidst the most sterile rocks trees and shrubs have gained a footing. The mixture of deep green and grey colour of the rocks blends well with the waters of the Hudson. Nearer to New York the scenery grows less wild; but more splendid houses amidst parks and wooded demesnes line the sloping banks. About six o'clock I have landed from the boat, and not long after stand at the clerk's counter in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York City. Back again to my starting point after over three months' continuous travel, it seems more like home. Next day was spent in making calls, and thanking kind friends for services performed. That same afternoon I went out to the country residence of

my Border friend, Mr. James Buchan, of whose noble qualities and successful career I made mention in a former article. It was a pleasure that cannot be expressed in words to stand once more below his roof, and receive the kind greetings and hearty welcome from all the members of his large family. His third son, who had just returned that morning from Europe, was there also, and right glad was I to converse with one who had so lately returned from my mother soil, and had appreciated the romantic Border land and the homely hospitality of its inhabitants. In honour of his return, the fatted calf had been killed—friends and relatives were gathered to the festive board—and all went merry as a marriage bell; aye, and more, for it was

"On with the dance I let joy be unconfined,  
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

Yet amidst all our frolics, there was time to listen to an old Border tale, related with graphic power by our patriotic friend. The afternoon following, we had a drive through the Central Park, returning towards evening to Westchester. The day had been hot and sultry, but towards evening a breeze had sprung up. The house was situated not far from Long Island Sound, and had the benefit of the sea air. It was a quiet secluded place, a glorious spot to escape from the din and bustle of the city. A well cultivated garden stood behind it, with a pasture for the bovine race still further back; not far away was a range of stables, where a native of Hawick held high office, whose first thought was his horses, then his dogs, for he still re-



tained a soft side for Dandie Dinmonts and well-bred Skye terriers. As the sun sank lower and lower in the western horizon, silent Nature appeared to awake to life; and when the moon with unclouded majesty began her round, all seemed gay and cheerful. From a salt marsh came the hoarse note of the bull-frog, the songsters of the forest poured forth a melodious song of praise, the fire-flies danced about from tree to tree, even the mosquito stopped biting for two or three hours, and buzzed but feebly, just enough to let us know he was still alive and ready to bite when wanted. At this pleasant spot, and amid kind friends, passed the evening swiftly away, the last upon American soil.

Next morn at an early hour, I was again passing down the streets of New York, dirty and disagreeable, for it had rained during early morning. By one o'clock, I waved a last good-bye to some friends who accompanied me to the good ship "Italy," 6000 tons burden, and looking back on the generous reception I had met with at their hands and many others, I had good reason to be thankful that Providence had been so kind. In going to any country, I care not where, the first duty is to be civil, and act like a gentleman; and, while you may think as you like about many things, it is well not to criticise either the manner or institutions of a strange people too harshly at first. Thus, while I went along, opinions upon various subjects got fixed in the mind, but I was careful not to express too strongly any such ideas as were calculated to hurt the feelings of a single person. A long—may it not be the last—adieu to thee, fair land, with thy generous people! Great

thou art at present. What thy future will be no man can tell, so enormous, rich, and varied are your natural resources.

But the steamship proceeds on her ocean passage slowly and surely. Visions of sea sickness fly away on a calm ocean. No striking event happens to disturb the even tenor of our way. About mid-ocean a western lawyer, who had never left his native wilds, alarmed the cabin passengers by telling them that we had narrowly escaped collision with a raft of pig-iron. By good luck, the watch detected the unwieldy craft, and our otherwise doomed ship was steered clear of the impending danger. Our passage was favourable, but perhaps we had the stormiest lot of first-class passengers aboard that could well be imagined. It was a mighty queer crowd; so different from the company on the outward passage. They were gathered from all ends of the earth, and although there is always a mixture at public tables, yet methinks the occupants of the first cabin on board the "Italy" were the funniest lot I ever saw, whether in England, Ireland, or America. The captain of the vessel was a gruff matter-of-fact Scotchman, not saying much, but evidently like the pitman's parrot, a d——l to think. On his right hand during meals sat an American General, whose equilibrium was much disturbed by the sea voyage. On his left he was supported by a lady and her husband, who belonged to the English army, and whose special object of hate appeared to be the purchase system. Further down the table on the right sat a red-haired gentleman, whose puns and sallies kept the

company in amusement. He had fought for the South in the terrible conflict, and was now broken down by disease and rheumatism. Then came an engineer, who had left Canada in disgust. Next to him sat a Virginia planter, whose language was of the choicest description—that is to say, when the quid of tobacco that he kept chewing in his mouth allowed proper articulation. He was an Englishman by birth, and was the tallest swearer I ever met. His sole luggage was a tooth-brush in his watch-pocket, a collar inside his hat, and an empty carpet bag. He was fond of brandy and soda, in which he was joined by a doctor (?) from western wilds and pastures green, who, at last, succumbed to *delirium tremens*, and being locked up in his cabin, he did not enjoy any more of his favourite medicine. Another party, a hybrid between a Malay and an Englishman, who shared the drink and often paid the piper, got such a fright at his noble patron, the doctor's imprisonment, that he became teetotal at once. Among others were actresses of various grades, from a *prima donna* down to a dancing girl, who had visited some spots far from reputable amidst gold mines and gambling hells. And there were ladies there of the highest culture, who were crossing the Atlantic Ferry to make the grand tour of Europe. Men of gentlemanly feeling also graced the table. A newspaper correspondent, who had mixed among all classes of society, and knew the freaks of fashion perfectly, preserved a contemptuous silence, and smoked his hookah in perfect ease. A tailor from Philadelphia strutted consequentially the quarter-deck, and made

love vigorously to a fair steerage passenger. An unmarried female, rather past the bloom of youth, confided her love affairs with the most refreshing innocence, and showed to her confidants the likeness of her future hope. Happy man! none but the brave deserve the fair. But look, ye bachelors! upon the other side of the question. There was a man—a quiet, inoffensive man—on board that boat, who had a wife in every sense of the word. His duties were legion. He dressed the children, three promising infants, who roared frantically when not getting their own way. Then he fed them at meals, walked them up and down the deck, while my lady sat and superintended the operation with loving grace. If I had been in the place of that man, I would have gone straight to Indiana, or some of the States where divorces are got for a mere trifle. Well, there were others—French, Italians, Germans, Jews, and a solitary Scotchman, who never told any person his name, and so went on his way rejoicing when the boat anchored in the Mersey late in the evening of the 20th August. Once more the splendid docks, the palatial buildings, the busy streets of Liverpool—seven or eight miles of the river side covered with docks, at some points three tier deep, is a sight worth going to see, and tells very truly of England's commercial wealth.

Some days after, just as the sun had tinged the top of Cheviot with a purple hue, I stood in a field situated upon Haddon Rig. There was a whirr of reapers as they mowed down the golden grain. The joyous laugh, the merry voices of many workers broke upon

the ear as they gathered up the sheaves neatly laid off the machines. Overhead the lark poured forth his morning matin as if inspired with the cheerfulness of those below him, and as he mounted higher, more distant, yet as sweet, came back his joyous note, till at last, rising far into the blue vault of heaven, he is lost to view, and his prayer is no longer heard. Far stretching on every side was a magnificent landscape, such as seldom meets the eye of any traveller. Oft had I looked upon that scene, yet never till then did I realise its true grandeur, its romance, its richness, its sylvan softness. Eastward, down the valley of the Tweed, round by Twizel and Norham's castled steep, is a rich expanse of country—the merse of Berwickshire, well watered and thickly wooded, covered with fine farms, neat homesteads, and splendid houses, the home of many an honest hard-working agriculturist, and thickly populated with a peasantry second to none in Great Britain. No hills back up that view—the deep blue sea laves a low and rocky shore; but, as the eye travels round the northern horizon, it gazes on the purple hills of Lammermoor. Here the heather blooms, the blue bell luxuriates, the streams that wind down many a lovely glen are filled with trout, and peace and plenty mark its inhabitants. As the spectator looks across the valley of the Tweed to those hills, he sees a castle that looms up like some mighty landmark. These warlike towers are silent now; the warriors of ancient days are supplanted by a more peaceful race. Around it lie well-cultivated fields, whose crops are ready for the sickle. A mist that hung o'er the river was being dispelled by

the warm rays of the sun. Then what a panorama lay before one, as, looking westward, you gaze upon the ducal castle of Floors, surrounded by tall oak woods and grassy lawns—a place which, for natural situation, can scarcely be beat. The classic Tweed flows betwixt it and the old ruin of Roxburgh Castle, famous in Border history. There lies Kelso, with its ancient abbey, its steepled kirks, its sheltered situation; and far away up the course of the Tweed is triple Eildon, at whose base lie Melrose Abbey, Dryburgh, and Abbotsford—a glorious country, the birthplace of many a legend given to the world by the mighty genius of Scott. The green grassy hills of Cheviot bound this vast scene on the south, and as I look from point to point, from place to place, memory wanders back to many a day when up thy stream with rod in hand I've sent the deadly lure o'er the unsuspecting trout; when autumn came oft have I roamed across heather-clad hills, down grassy glens, or turnip fields, with gun in hand and dog at heel, following during the live-long day after grouse, wily blackcock, or the innocent partridge. Yet again, fancy leads me back to many a winter scene upon the creaking ice, when curling stones roared loudly in our ears. But to me this glorious Border land has more than a passing charm. It is home, sweet home. Readers, can I add anything more? But, let me quote the famous words Scott puts into the mouth of the Last Minstrel, and I have done:—

“Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land!  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,

As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,  
From wandering on a forsign strand !  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;  
For him no Minstrel raptures swell ;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentred all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

" O Caledonia ! stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child !  
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood,  
Land of my sires ! what mortal hand  
Can e'er untie the filial band  
That knits me to thy rugged strand ! "

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